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## REVIEW OF THE WEEK

THE political autumn opens with many meaning clouds on the horizon, and the outlook for the Government is dark in the extreme. The armed neutrality of the summer can last but little longer; the rank and file of all parties are weary of their enforced stay in camp and are longing to join issue in deadly earnest. Like two armies refreshed by a long rest, both are confident in the strength of their cause, and are chafing at the enforced idleness imposed upon them by their leaders. Of the Conference we hear and know nothing. All the spies of the Press have been unable to discover when and where it has met and the lines which the discussion has taken. The farce cannot continue much longer. The adventurous spirits on both sides will shortly shake off the restraining hand of discipline and seek to discover in mild forays between themselves how near a settlement or a continuation of strife is at hand. The time is rapidly approaching when all the old issues must be faced boldly. We are entering upon the final campaign which must decide for ever the future of our constitution and the safety of our Empire. Never have the prospects of the Conservative party appeared brighter. We have a common policy, and therefore a common goal to reach. We admit that reforms are necessary; not a revolution. We are determined to put our industries on a footing of equality with those of our rivals, and from this policy we will not diverge a yard until the ideal is obtained. National defence is equally in our minds. All is not right either with our military machine or with the Navy. The recent manœuvres have exposed the utter absurdity of relying on the Territorials as a serious defence to our shores, and every week numerous resignations of officers in this branch of the service are announced. All honour to the men who, rather than continue to play a rôle which can be of no use to the country, prefer to resign and retire to civilian life. If we are to

maintain our naval supremacy a naval loan is required. Already there are rumours in the air that Mr. Lloyd George contemplates such a step. We, for our part, do not grudge him the first move. The country will not be deceived. There is no question here of "dishing the Whigs"; the Government are only acting under *force majeure*. They are not leading the country into right paths, but are merely following public opinion, which has been educated to a due appreciation of its needs by the strenuous campaign conducted by the Conservative party.

The outlook for Mr. Asquith and his supporters is a dreary one. The application of the absurd Land Clauses of the Budget is proving even more difficult, annoying, expensive, and useless than their bitterest enemies could have hoped. Already Mr. Lloyd George has been obliged to summon a one-sided conference of his party placemen to calm the storm which has arisen on all sides. This meeting was utterly useless, except in so far as it gave the Chancellor the opportunity of making a characteristic speech, and served still further to show how gross is his ignorance of even the most elementary matters connected with the land. Surely it would have been wiser for him, if he were really sincere in his desire to learn the truth, not to have sold that small estate which belonged to his wife just before the Budget was introduced. He would then have been able to learn a practical lesson of what he is asking others to do. Mr. Balfour sums up the situation felicitously in a letter to Mr. E. G. Pretyman: "As far as I can see, this ill-planned and ill-built structure, twice approved by a Radical majority of the House of Commons, seems likely soon to tumble to pieces by its own weight, amid general derision."

But there are even greater troubles in store for the Government. Throughout the North labour is more disturbed than it has been for a generation past. At this stage it is too early to say what the outcome will be; but the facts cannot be gainsaid. Labour is seldom disturbed when trade is good, and the mere existence of this unrest shows that Free Trade is rendering it increasingly difficult for master and workman to come to an equitable understanding that is fair and agreeable to both, and, at the same time, to pay dividends on capital. The Trade Union Congress, presided over by Earl Fitzwilliam, the Lord Mayor of Sheffield, is the most momentous ever held. The difficulties that have to be surmounted are gigantic. They are fundamental, and will act either for good or for evil for generations. The Osborne judgment, which has deprived the leaders of adequate funds to carry on their propaganda, is the keystone of the situation. The Socialists would have us believe that the reasons for the decision which was given in that case no longer exist, and that trade unions are now a united body, the members of which are working in perfect harmony towards a common goal. But they are contradicted at every turn by the insubordination of the members of the unions that they profess to control. The men repudiate the terms arrived at by their leaders. We regret this as much as the leaders. We feel, and have always felt, that trade unions can do an immense amount of good, not only in securing adequate wages and proper conditions of labour, but also in settling disputes which must necessarily arise in any great industrial community; but they lose their very *raison d'être* if the terms arrived

at are to be repudiated at the slightest imaginary provocation by the rank and file.

It is for the Government to suggest a remedy out of the difficulty. The Congress has already decided that the mere payment of members is not a solution of the Osborne judgment; and the Socialists are determined to press their own Bill through the House at the earliest opportunity. The Congress has adopted in principle one momentous resolution, which must have the most far-reaching results in the future, namely, to unite all trade unions under one common control, and thus to have a single weapon for dealing with capital. We suspect that the true reason for the passing of this resolution is to place a more powerful weapon in the hands of the leaders for dealing with unruly subordinates; because if all the funds are in the hands of a single committee it will be impossible for any particular local union to go on strike without the sanction of the representatives of all the others. Employers have little to fear from this unification; in fact, they should gain greatly by it. If it really takes place it will certainly do away with periodical local strikes, because the committee would never dare to call a general strike to settle the imaginary grievances of a section of its members. And supposing a general strike were to be called. It would mean hopeless bankruptcy to all the unions within a few weeks, so tremendous would be the strain on the resources of the committee. But it is for the trade unions to settle their own affairs, and for the employer to look to the safeguarding of his interests. The autumn session is likely to be a very stormy one. The landowner is discontented, labour is even more so, and every week the officers of the Territorial Army send in their resignations by the score. The country is ripe for a change of Government. The departure of capital to foreign lands is reacting on labour, and when this is fully realised there will be an overwhelming revulsion of feeling in favour of a return to the old and sound principle of finance.

The news that Mr. Alfred Tennyson Dickens, a son of Charles Dickens, is on his way from Melbourne to England, purposing to deliver a series of lectures and descriptive reading relating to his father's work, will interest both those who regard the great Victorian novelist as "old-fashioned" and those who vehemently repudiate any attempts to lower the fame of their hero. We have heard many lecturers who specialised on Dickens; the Rev. George Clark was perhaps the finest; all, however, succeeded in holding the attention of their audiences and securing applause in plenty. Arguments as to whether Dickens is worth reading or not are worse than useless: so much depends upon the personal point of view. There will always be people who "cannot get on" with his books, just as there will always be many who are able, in a restless hour when modern fiction irritates them, to find in "Dombey and Son" or "Nicholas Nickleby" an unfailing consolation. Tim Linkinwater, the family of Crummles, Sam Weller, the Artful Dodger, Chadband, Pecksniff, Mrs. Gamp—surely these are too purely delightful to ban as "old-fashioned"?

The correspondents who have recently been ventilating in the *Daily Mail* their grievances as first-class passengers

on the London District Railway need, we fancy, a little more power to their elbows if they are to nudge the authorities successfully. We sympathise with any gentleman who sees his comfortable, cushioned solitude invaded by mothers, babies, and concertinas; such things ought not to be allowed (we refer especially to concertinas) in any civilised community, and against them and their owners the glance remonstrant, the gaze supercilious, the stare indignant, and the glare combative, are alike useless. Besides, he has paid his two or three pence extra; he has bargained with the company that for the space of ten or twenty minutes he shall be guarded securely from contact with the baser sort. But, not being a philosopher, he misses a great deal; human nature can be studied at its best in the third-class carriages—it is more varied, more interesting, and certainly more provocative of smiles. However, we must all confess to a secret desire to travel first-class; in the "thirds" we are mere persons—in the "firsts" we are potential personages, and "feel good" in proportion.

We notice with interest the publication of an appreciation of George Meredith, by Dr. Ernst Dick, who recently contributed to the columns of *THE ACADEMY* an article on "Translating Meredith." German booklovers, usually quick to appreciate what is strong and—to use an expressive word of theirs—*apart* in literature, have shown surprisingly little interest in the writings of George Meredith. In "George Meredith: Drei Versuche" (Berlin, 1910. Verlag von Wiegandt und Greben), Dr. Dick makes a three-fold attempt to fire his countrymen with the desire to explore a mine "richer," he says, "than all others, for of its treasures there is no end." This indifference is the more curious in that Meredith, who was partly educated in the Rhineland, wrote with very sympathetic intuition about Germany. "Farina," "The Tragic Comedians," and "Harry Richmond," all have a strong German flavour; of the last book it is said: "This novel contains some finely described German scenes and very sympathetic German men and women; how does it happen that Meredith has not, through this book alone, found acceptance in Germany? It should make him dear to every German; whoever wishes to read him should begin with 'The Adventures of Harry Richmond.'" In the article referred to the author of these "three attempts" made it very clear that, while the difficulties of his task drove him at times to the verge of despair, they had resulted in a close and affectionate intimacy with his subject, which would scarcely have been possible without this hand-to-hand struggle with Meredithian diction. His admiration for the great Victorian is expressed in terms of glowing enthusiasm as: "Since Goethe our world has not known a man so many-sided, developed with so superb a symmetry as Meredith." Yet it is not only by such general eulogies that Dr. Dick tries to gain "readers and friends" for the Sage of Box Hill, but also by careful and illuminating analysis of his novels and poems. It may not, he says in effect, be easy to read Meredith, but the trouble is repaid gloriously. "We must learn to know his work if intellectual strength, moral firmness, and æsthetic culture are the ends at which we aim." The book, which is an interesting contribution to Meredithiana, falls into three parts: the life and works of Meredith, a critique of the comic element in his work, and a translation of the "Essay on Comedy."



## AN IDYLL

YOUNG Strephon, piping to the birds awhile,  
Grew drowsy by the fragrant forest glade,  
For sleep on summer noons must e'er beguile  
In the green gloom of such an ambuscade;  
Down rolled his flute along the grassy aisle;  
Full length he stretched upon a beechen shade  
And slept, his fresh lips tempted to a smile,  
As though by sweet, shy songs the brooklet made.

But while he slumbered, Phyllis through the dell  
Came roaming, mischief-full and debonair,  
And hid the flute, and stole a kiss as well,  
Then softly laughed at Strephon sleeping there;  
So, when the crimson flowers of sunset fell,  
The lad's awaking soul held music rare  
All unforget. He sought his flute, to tell  
The fauns and dryads of his vision fair.

O, sad is Strephon at the evening's close,  
Long loitering by the stream with downcast eyes;  
But Phyllis, peeping where the jasmine blows,  
Flings him his flute, and mocks his mild surprise,  
Then laughs—and in a sudden moment knows  
Strength of his arms, sweetness of low replies,  
While the first petals of night's dusky rose  
Unfurl in silence down the dreaming skies.

W. L. R.

OBER-AMMERGAU AND ITS  
PASSION PLAY

By E. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT.

## I.

THE village of Ober-Ammergau stands in a level valley almost on the watershed of the Bavarian Alps. It is cut in two by the little river Ammer, a swiftly flowing stream, content for the greater part of the year to abide within its narrow winding banks, but liable to become a turbulent, overflowing torrent after heavy rains or the melting of the snows on the encircling mountains. For many years the Bavarian mountaineers, who dwell in the valley, suffered periodical devastations from floods, which drove them from their homes and inflicted ruinous damage to their fields and gardens, and not the least of the good results which have accrued from the decennial performance of the Passion Play is a sufficiency of surplus funds to enable the villagers to deepen the banks, and thus allow the swollen river a harmless passage to the Planer See. On either bank of the Ammer the modern Ober-Ammergau has gradually arisen. The village has altered greatly during the past thirty years; the increasing renown of the Passion Play and the extension of the railroad from Munich attract a vast concourse of the curious, the devout, and the sceptical of all nations and creeds to the village, and adequately to cope with this decennial influx, the villagers have been obliged, in a measure, to part from the traditions and isolation of the past, and to bring their mountain home into the ever-radiating circle of luxury and comfort. But this change, which in so many instances means the sacrifice of the charm of the antique on the altar of an implacable vulgarity, has been most judiciously effected, so that neither the artistic nor religious instincts of the most exigent are offended. No unsightly, but luxurious, hotels, and no execrable model dwellings destroy the harmony of

the pastoral scene, and visitors to Ober-Ammergau, be they millionaires or peasants from neighbouring valleys—who tramp to the village with packs strapped to their backs and with alpenstock in hand—must alike be content to find shelter in one of the numerous hostelries built on the common model of all Swiss chalets, white in colour, relieved by green blinds, and adorned on the outside with scriptural scenes from the pious brush of some local artist. A few of the houses are built on the model of Japanese pagodas, and provide a pleasing contrast to the more common type. The dwellings and hostelries have been dumped down without order or fixed plan, and the parochial fathers, despairing of individualising this *mêlée* of tortuous lanes, have fallen back on the simple expedient of giving every house a separate number by which it is known; unless, indeed, it be the home of an actor in one of the principal rôles, when the customary direction is, "Will you take me to Christ's or Pilate's or Judas's dwelling?"

The two salient impressions which remain in the mind after a visit to Ober-Ammergau are godliness and cleanliness. An atmosphere of intense religious fervour casts a protective pall over the village and its inmates, effectively dispelling any suspicion of profanity or commercialism. There is hardly a point in the valley of the Ammer, be it a hill, or a cavern, or a bend in the road, which is not sanctified by its peculiar Madonna or Crucifix. On the highest mountain, visible for miles around, stands the symbol of the Cross. Three miles from the village is Ettal, formerly a monastery, then a brewery, and now once more in the hands of the Benedictines, with its miraculous Madonna, visible only to the contrite, and feared by every reprobate in the neighbourhood. The chapel of the Ettal is a curious round highly decorated building; the great dome is bedecked with flamboyant paintings, leaving on the mind an indelible impression of crudeness and vulgarity, as if the architect had been sadly lacking in spiritual intuition. Its former prelates, in full canonicals, are exposed in glass cases round the walls, and form an instructive commentary on the mutability of earthly glory, for, while their gilded robes remain untorn and their diamond-studded mitres untarnished, their flesh has long since crumbled to dust, leaving only grinning skeletons to bear the full burden of their erstwhile pontifical pomp.

The men of Ober-Ammergau are a fine race, such as are only found amongst the mountains, where Liberty has ever held her own. They are broad of chest, strong of limb, and tall of stature; their faces are open, honest, and content; their skin is tanned to a reddish-brown by the summer sun and in winter by the icy winds which sweep down the valleys from the snow-clad mountains. The women are of the demure, unimaginative type, whose beauty is derived, not from charm of contour or expression, but from the peculiar roundness and glow of health and strength. They lack the corsetted slimness, the artificial delicacy of an ever-varying complexion, and the paraphernalia of dress, of which modern woman is but a component part, but they are pleasing to the eye, especially when seen in groups at a distance, and on the stage are typical of those pastoral scenes in which the Old Testament abounds. The villagers of Ober-Ammergau bear themselves with a refreshing air of freedom. "That mountain nymph, sweet Liberty," is the presiding genius of the Bavarian Alps, and throughout the troubled Middle Ages and the ravages of the Thirty Years' War, when the surrounding country was over-run with the horse and foot of many a conqueror, the mountaineer still retained his native independence.

Ober-Ammergau loves its Passion Play. It is the

fairly godmother of the villagers, the source of their inspiration, of their joys and material prosperity. It is the play which distinguishes their village from a hundred others; and, in consequence, its pious inhabitants enjoy a world renown which is far from burdensome or obnoxious to them, and is not considered incompatible with their representation of the life and death of the Master of Humility. The play is performed only once in every ten years, in accordance with the vow taken four hundred years ago on the relief of the village from the Plague, and it is interesting to note how the villagers pass the intermediate decades. Every summer the fame of the play attracts many visitors to its numerous shrines, and many a Herod or Pilate, a John or a Judas relieves his material cares by catering for the wants of this cosmopolitan army of peaceful crusaders. A great part of the intervening nine years are spent in retrospection. The play which is over is discussed over the fireside during the long winter months, and new ideas and plans are considered for the next. Then the dramatic talent of the village has to be discovered, fostered and developed on orthodox lines. Every actor must be a dweller in Ober-Ammergau. In their lay life the majority earn a comfortable living by wood carving or in the making of pottery. Almost every man in the village is a landowner, and the number of cows which thrive on the abundant pastures of the foot-hills, which are watered by innumerable freshets, add greatly to the wealth of the community, and keep the inhabitants supplied with the most excellent milk, butter, and cream. Search the world over it would be impossible to find a more prosperous and contented Pastoral Utopia than Ober-Ammergau. Elated by the fame of their play, happy in their independence, blessed with more than a sufficiency of worldly goods, imbued with a deep religious spirit, the villagers only ask that they shall be allowed to continue unmolested on the even tenor of their way.

Scrupulous care has been taken to preserve the village from any taint of irreverence or profanity. The astute mountaineers know well that once these evils, or a spirit of commercialism, are allowed to creep in, their bright day is gone and the play will fall into disrepute, finally to disappear like others of its kind. To secure this desirable end the most exemplary lives are demanded of the actors in the principal rôles. The play would at once become farcical if any of the leading parts were taken by notorious loose livers or habitual evil doers, even if, physically and mentally, they were well suited to the parts. Every action of each individual is known to his fellows in a small mountain village which is isolated from the world during the winter months, and if any suspicion attaches to his moral character, it is useless for the suspected to seek a rôle in the play. Of all parts there is the greatest competition amongst the maidens of the village for the rôle of the Virgin Mary, which requires youth, a pleasing presence, and considerable dramatic powers. No married woman is allowed in this rôle, and if a girl who has once played the part sees a fair chance of being selected for it again, she will repel for ten years the most ardent lover who desires to make her the mistress of his heart and home. From the day of birth, it is the ambition of every child to take part in the play, and thus crime is unknown in the village, and these mountaineers are models of inflexible virtue, modest deportment, and religious fervour. During the intermediate years a small theatre is kept open, and Passion Plays on a small scale are performed weekly for the purpose of exercising the known and developing the latent talent of the would-be actors. For a year before the Decennary comes round, every man and boy who has been selected for a part, be it ever so small, allows his hair to grow to the level of his shoulder blades, as almost every rôle requires this sacrifice. Thus, in Ober-Ammergau, are to be seen shocks of hair which would delight the heart and make the fortune of any purveyor of a patent hair restorer. The population of the village is only fifteen hundred, and as there are sometimes as many as five hundred per-

formers on the stage at one time, there is plenty of scope for local talent. As showing the extraordinary reverence which attaches to the play, it is etiquette for every villager to take off his hat to the leading characters when he passes them in the street, and grave crowds can be seen saluting with customary formality Christ, John, Peter, or Paul, whether they be walking, driving, or riding the homely bicycle.

At a rough computation the Passion Play must be witnessed by at least one hundred thousand spectators, who come from all over the world. Many who dislike travel, and who never stir from their homes, make this the one pilgrimage of their lives, and thousands whose restricted means compel them to forgo the pleasures of the few, save up for years in order to see the "Story which Transformed the World" staged by living actors. Even poor peasants will tramp hundreds of miles, working at odd jobs or begging by the roadside to secure the two marks required for the cheapest seat. The interest which is aroused in the most divergent minds shows clearly the sway and vitality of the Christian faith, once it is removed from the field of controversy and presented in that simple form which the highest and the lowest can appreciate and understand. At Ober-Ammergau it matters not what a man's creed may be; whether he be a slave to ritual or saturated with dogma, a believer in simple Bible teaching or an Atheist; whether he be Protestant or Catholic, Mahomedan or Confucian; whether he regard Christ as divine, or merely as an inspired peasant; all are equally interested in seeing portrayed by these simple mountaineers the story of His life and death. Thus quite apart from the play it is well worth while visiting Ober-Ammergau for the sake of seeing the crowd which is drawn together for this unique event. On the day before each performance special trains from Munich deposit the pilgrims by the thousand. It is absolutely necessary to secure accommodation beforehand, and tickets which include board and lodging should be secured months in advance. At your table you rub shoulders with citizens of all nations, and often stumble across an old friend whom you imagined to be thousands of miles away, and to whom you no doubt hoped to carry the tale of your experiences.

On the afternoon before the play the streets are packed with sightseers and curio-hunters. The simple-minded mountaineers have not failed to discover the irresistible attraction curiosity shops exercise over the minds of the Anglo-Saxon race, especially if he or she comes from across the Atlantic and is blessed with a superfluity of ready money. A great part of the ten years between the performances is spent by the villagers in preparing antiques and magic relics for the next, and when the longed-for day arrives a roaring trade is done in silver knickknacks, carved crucifixes, ivory Madonnas, old watches, photographs, and souvenir buttons—which are turned out by the thousand in Birmingham or Belgium—and in hundreds of other articles of no intrinsic value, but which, hallowed by the divine fervour which hangs over Ober-Ammergau like a leaden pall, can be sold at the most extravagant rates, and then replaced with equal facility from the back rooms of the little shops or improvised booths. It is incongruous, but true, that the same Christ, who a few hours before was clearing the Temple of the money-changers, can be found bargaining and haggling outside his shop with the most astute trust magnate of the West. Round the windows, amidst the streets, and hastening to the innumerable Shrines the crowd swarms from morning to night. The Anglo-Saxon race predominates, and everywhere is heard the voice of the American daughter or wife, as with importunate clamours she urges a sceptical father or husband to purchase some souvenir, which, judiciously dulled and battered with skill, bears outwardly the semblance of an honoured antiquity.

Germans, from all parts of the Empire, come next in numbers; then there are Russians and French; Italians and Austrians; Greeks and Latins; Turks and Armenians, Japanese, Negroes, and even Indian Princes. The highest and the lowest are equal here. A stately



duchess is jostled from a booth by a Tyrolese peasant with pack on back, and a minor prince is swept roughly aside as the cry goes up that Christ or John, Peter or Judas, is passing by on his way to his home or to the theatre. But perhaps the most significant feature is the number of priests and clergymen of all denominations who are attracted to the play. Here members of the Protestant, Catholic, and Greek Churches; Nonconformists and Unitarians; Trappists and Benedictines, and representatives of all the various creeds which have sprung from the ashes of uncertainty and misinterpretation, are obliged to sink their differences and rub shoulders in the streets and at the board. All must benefit by seeing the "Story of the Man of Galilee," shorn of all ritual and doubtful dogma and presented in that simple form which has made such an irresistible appeal to the cottage and to the palace. At Ober-Ammergau the great ones of the earth sink to a common level with the meanest, and all are content to do homage to these simple Bavarian peasants. It is the men with the long hair and Biblical beards, and the women cast in the mould of Ruth, who alone are observed and honoured whilst the play holds its magic sway. Kings, princes, noblemen, statesmen, orators, soldiers, eminent divines, millionaires, writers, humble priests, and casual globe-trotters, are but the transitory phantoms which flit across the stage for a short hour and are then scattered like chaff to the four corners of the globe. The play and the actors alone remain; one may die, another may grow old, and in time a new generation will sweep the older for ever from the stage, but the lives, the traditions, the simple faith, and outward appearance of the actors remain the same. The long associations of centuries and the unbroken performance of the play have moulded a type which time cannot efface, and at Ober-Ammergau the mind is irresistibly carried back to the tales of the Old Testament and of the New.

### "AN ILL-INFORMED AND LETHARGIC NATION"

So Lord Esher in the *National Review*. In these columns we have before said that the nation is ill-informed as to military necessities. We have laid an indictment against the so-called leaders of political parties on that very ground. If the nation is lethargic, who is to blame for it? We have contended that those whose duty it is to tell the nation the truth, and who have failed to do so, are the authors of inefficiency and lethargy, and we now repeat that statement. We do not care to which political party prominent men belong. There is one duty transcending all others in importance, namely, adequate provision for the military defence of the Empire, and above all of its centre.

In order to arrive at what is adequate provision for the defence of the Empire, there should be periodical stock-taking. With varying circumstances, various measures of precaution are seen to be necessary. When Great Britain held unchallenged command of the sea, a small army of no very high efficiency was adequate to secure the safety of the homeland. Only a filibustering expedition could conceivably effect a landing, and such a force might be efficiently dealt with by a comparatively larger, although only partially trained, force. So far as home defence is concerned, there was in such circumstances a reasonable margin of safety. No charge can therefore be brought against statesmen of the past on the score of insufficient precaution against a danger which was in effect little more than a shadow.

To-day the situation is different. Our military machine is entirely unequal to possible, and even probable, require-

ments. Not only have we no adequate trained force for home defence, but in pursuit of a phantom, we have seriously encroached on the efficiency of our small striking force. The function of that force is to preserve the Empire from danger, whether arising within or without. The lesson of the South African war has been soon and strangely forgotten. In another such a struggle we could not count on the forbearance of Europe. It is our duty to recognise that such forbearance would be highly improbable. The form of attack need not be upon these shores, but the moment of our embarrassment might well be seized to consummate some Continental project which would threaten our safety or compromise our honour as being unfaithful to our treaty obligations. The Continent of Europe must be described at the present time as an armed camp, yet we remain fiddling with an impossible and even a ludicrous military system. Small as the Regular Army is, the present Government has impaired its most important arm by reducing the strength of the artillery. In the place of batteries which could go anywhere and do anything, they have tried to create batteries which are unable to go anywhere, if horsemanship is required, and whose knowledge of gunnery is such as might be expected of men who never fire a gun. The whole thing is a fraud, and an impudent fraud. The people, we are told, are "ill-informed and lethargic." Who, we may inquire, amongst leading men to whom the truth is known, boldly declares the truth to the people, so that they may be roused out of their lethargy? Lord Esher, it is true, has uttered a shrill cry, and, forgetting his own responsibility or hoping that others will forget it, has placed all the blame on an "ill-informed and lethargic" people. In days of yore, responsible men who concealed the truth on vital issues from the people would have been dealt with in an exemplary manner on Tower Hill. It is the reproach of these days that methods are flabby and mawkish, tending to propagate the germs of irresponsibility, inefficiency, and attendant disaster. "Wake up, England," is a cry which should not be limited to commercial policy; it should be applied to that sphere which is the guardian and guarantee of commerce, and of the life of the nation.

### SOME POETS OF THE VICTORIAN ERA

#### IX.—MATTHEW ARNOLD.

It is necessary to discuss briefly in our concluding articles two men of widely divergent methods and of a notably different school of thought, who cannot well be left out of consideration by anyone who wishes to gain a general idea of the scope of poetry during the period we have chosen: Matthew Arnold, Professor of Poetry at Oxford from 1857 to 1867, and Dante Gabriel Rossetti. We began this series by asking the question "What constitutes a poet?" and found, among many attempted answers, not one clear, comprehensive definition. A fresh embarrassment awaits us if we digress at this point to inquire what constitutes a minor poet, whether any line of demarcation can safely be drawn between greatness and that level of accomplishment which is still lofty enough to escape the gloom of mediocrity. Some have held that no true poetry can legitimately be termed "minor"—a statement which infers the existence of a hypothetical standard. The word "minor," used in this connection, carries with it unfortunately a hint of poor work, of art that is merely tolerable; to apply the term justly it should rather convey an impression of work which, while occupying a different plane from that of universally accepted masters, is yet excellent of its kind, to be read and studied with profit and pleasure. "Nature does not make all great men in the same mould," wrote Carlyle. "The great heart, the clear deep-seeing eye: there it lies: no man whatever, in

what province soever, can prosper without these. . . . At bottom, clearly enough, there is no perfect poet. A vein of poetry exists in the hearts of all men; no man is made altogether of poetry. A man that has so much more of the poetic element developed in him as to have become noticeable, will be called poet by his neighbours." There are flowers of many varying beauties, of many choice perfumes, of numberless shades of colour; we may have our favourites, but we cannot always compare them. "One star differeth from another star in glory"; each is a world to itself. We prefer then to discard the debatable qualification as applied to any of these poets to whom language was as a harp of innumerable sweet strings, since every rhymester who publishes a delicately bound booklet with a sufficiently wide margin, whether he write grammatically or dubiously, musically or harshly, is now known as a "minor" poet.

Matthew Arnold, careful, cool, and scholarly, held decided opinions on the poetic art, and some of them were quite extraordinary. He was led away by his enthusiasm for a theory that the "action" of a poem, its principal energising theme, was everything, until he could make assertions rash almost to the verge of absurdity. Speaking of "Endymion," he says that although "undoubtedly there blows through it the breath of genius, it is yet as a whole so utterly incoherent as not strictly to merit the name of a poem at all"—a lapse in perception which simply takes our breath away. He subordinated form, fashion, beauty of expression, to action—in his theorising—in an excessive degree; thus, being to too great an extent under the spell of the ancient Greek poets, he modelled his ideas on their triumphs, and was inclined to disparage the product of his own age. "In the sincere endeavour to learn and practise, amid the bewildering confusion of our times, what is sound and true in poetical art," he says, "I seemed to myself to find the only sure guidance, the only solid footing, among the ancients."

It is fortunate for us, and it is also curious, that in much of his work—especially in his shorter lyrical poems—Matthew Arnold set aside his own convictions and allowed thought and feeling to take the place of "action," or to soften it with their gentler radiance. Fortunate, we say advisedly, for it seems possible that comparatively few of the younger generation realise what rare and individual music came from the spare hours of this busy inspector of schools.\* It is not the fashion to read Matthew Arnold, more's the pity. We have met many young people who can claim a fairly thorough acquaintance with Herrick's catalogues of the charms appertaining to his various ladies; who are by way of being experts on Browning; who "adore" this, that, or the other poet; but who are only vaguely aware that Arnold once wrote a "piece" called "The Scholar Gipsy," which they have never read. If they by chance scanned the opening stanzas of "The New Sirens" would they not be tempted to find out what other music came from so lyrical a pen?—

In the cedarn shadow sleeping,  
Where cool grass and fragrant glooms  
Forth at noon had lured me, creeping  
From your darken'd palace rooms—  
I, who in your train at morning  
Strolled and sang with joyful mind,  
Heard, in slumber, sounds of warning;  
Heard the hoarse boughs labour in the wind.

\* In a letter to his wife, dated from the Queen's Hotel, Birmingham, on December 2, 1851, Arnold writes: "I have had a hard day. Thirty pupil teachers to examine in an inconvenient room, and nothing to eat except a biscuit which a charitable lady gave me." His district extended from Lincoln to North and South Wales, although later on it was narrowed. Eleven years after he wrote to his mother: "I have been inspecting all day at Westminster, having gone at ten, inspected a school from ten to half-past twelve, from half-past twelve to a quarter-past one heard pupil teachers read, from a quarter-past one to two lunched, and from two to a quarter-past four inspected another school." After that he has "to report on a heavy school, which will take me till dressing-time. We shall be back here about a quarter-past ten, then I shall report on a light school, write two or three letters, read about a hundred lines of the 'Odyssey' to keep me from putrefaction, and go to bed at twelve."

Who are they, O pensive Graces,—  
For I dreamed they wore your forms—  
Who on shores and sea-wash'd places  
Scoop the shelves and fret the storms?  
Who, when ships are that way tending,  
Troop across the flushing sands,  
To all reefs and narrows wending,  
With blown tresses, and with beckoning hands?

The longer poems in which Arnold expressed his sense of the dramatic might be expected, in the case of one who held such strong theories concerning his art and attempted thereby to put them into practice, to contain his best and most satisfying work. Precisely the contrary happened. "Merope" is dreary, disappointing, lifeless, and it is surprising that he never discerned how his own verse exposed the fallacy of his thesis that "action and subject are everything." He liked "Merope," and in a letter to his sister, dated July 25, 1857, hoped it would have "the character of fixity"; a few months after this, however, he writes to his mother that he has "no intention of producing, like Euripides, seventy dramas in this style, but shall now turn to something wholly different." Froude begged him to "discontinue the 'Merope' vein"; happily he took that advice. His poems of thought and introspection are so distinctly superior to his so-called dramatic poems that we are bound to suspect a certain obstinate element in the tenacity with which he urged his point of view. "Balder Dead" is stigmatised by Professor Saintsbury, perhaps rather undeservedly, as "dim and tame," while "Tristram and Iseult," after we have overcome its preliminary aspect of a series of experiments in metre, seems disjointed and fails to grip. "Sohrab and Rustum," save for its magnificent close, is merely a piece of good writing, marred in its opening by the irritating repetition of the word "tent" or "tents"—four times in six lines, and again three times after a short interval. From "Empedocles on Etna" numerous fine lines and notable passages can be picked out, but these are not sufficient to redeem it. Some portions of it are remarkably reminiscent of Walt Whitman—a point we do not remember to have seen noticed, which is worth a brief illustration:

And you, ye stars,  
Who slowly begin to marshal,  
As of old, in the fields of heaven,  
Your distant, melancholy lines!  
Have you, too, survived yourselves?  
Are you, too, what I fear to become?  
You, too, once lived;  
You too moved joyfully  
Among august companions,  
In an older world, peopled by Gods,  
In a mightier order,  
The radiant, rejoicing, intelligent Sons of Heaven.

(To be continued.)

## BUSHIDO: THE SPIRIT OF JAPAN

### I.

SOME of us are apt to look at Japan as a country that has set at defiance all our well-measured laws in regard to the making of a great world-power. We have listened so long to travellers' tales about the Land of the Gods, from Marco Polo, who described the country's polite fashions, to Pierre Loti, who was chiefly interested in the prettiness of her women, that we were inclined to look at Nippon much as a child views Fairyland. We regarded her fan with the same tolerant smile with which we regarded her sword. Her elaborate tea ceremonies, her guileless love of flowers, and her general elaboration of the little things of life indicated a delightful charm, but at the same time it also showed a very lamentable state of never quite growing up. We heard of her wars with China with a shrug of the shoulder. Japan's victory over the Celestial Kingdom did not greatly impress us, for we have long looked upon China as an ancient but lumbering and sleepy dragon. When, however, almost without a warning, Japan suddenly rose and slew the great Russian



bear, we were forced to lay aside our ideas of a Japanese fairyland inhabited by a pretty but ineffectual population of little brown people. We did not then realise, as we do now, that not even Japan can rise to the eminence of a world-power without long years of preparation. Through the charm of that beautiful country there ran a golden thread, and that golden thread is called Bushido. It was Bushido that made Japan what she is to-day, the most progressive Eastern nation in the world. Bushido may be roughly rendered as knightly chivalry, but this is a scant description of a name so compact with many meanings. Our mediæval chivalry is a very poor thing compared with Bushido. "For God and the ladies!" was our ancient cry. In actual fact there was far more of the ladies than of God at a time when knights waxed valorous in rescuing fair dames from turreted castles. There was a vein of sentimentalism in it all, and the gay tournaments served a personal end rather than of something of national importance. If in Japan we substitute for the ladies the nation, and for God the power of ancestors, we come very near to the real significance of Bushido.

It would take too long to describe in detail the many sources from which Bushido gradually evolved. Indeed, if we did so, we should find ourselves left with an unfinished equation. We may study the *Analects of Confucius*, or what Mencius has said about benevolence, rectitude, and righteousness; we may probe into the Zen sect of Buddhism and discover the art of contemplation combined with a study of the beautiful, and lastly we may look in the simple mirror of a Shinto temple. All these were certainly factors in the building-up process of Bushido, but the net result is so altogether in advance of its origins that we are forced to admit that the characteristics of the Japanese people themselves have, at the last, transmuted the valuable silver of ancient religious beliefs and moral teachings into the much more valuable gold of action. The first quality required of a samurai or *bushi* was courage. Certain stern parents inculcated the idea of fearlessness into the hearts of their children by telling them that "bears hurl their cubs down in the gorge." They went much further than this, by making their striking simile an actual fact in which bears became parents and cubs children. Boys of tender age were required to rise before the sun, and, without taking food, to walk with little bare feet over the snow to their teachers. They were sometimes expected to exercise self-control in such uncompromising places as graveyards and haunted houses, and even to witness the ghastly scene of a public decapitation, and to leave, on a dark night, some mark of their visit to so gruesome and horrible a spectacle. It seems to us that this cruel method of teaching fortitude to children was likely, in the main, to have a disastrous effect rather than a beneficial one. Suffice it to say that the Japanese boy did succeed in learning the art of courage and endurance. "Benevolence is man," wrote Mencius, and samurai were not only required to show courage, but mercy also. There is a certain Japanese picture depicting a priest riding backwards on a cow. The story goes that that priest was once a warrior. In a battle he had tarnished his sword by slaying a youth. The picture represents the warrior-priest's humiliating penance for a deed so abhorrent to the heart of a true samurai. The gentler side of the military class owed much to the softening influence of music and poetry, and the crude scent of blood was mingled with an appreciation for the perfume of flowers. A Prince of Shirakawa has written: "Though they come stealing to your bedside in the silent watches of the night, drive not away, but rather cherish these—the fragrance of flowers, the sound of distant bells, the insect hummings of a frosty night." The Japanese phrase, "This is not poetry," also means "This is not right," so that poetry in Japan had a very vital, moral significance, too.

Courage, from time immemorial, seems to have mingled with a love for the beautiful in the breast of the samurai. It appears incongruous to us that a warrior, when his

immediate alarms and excursions were over, should be content to sit for hours observing the intricate etiquette of a tea ceremony. With us four o'clock tea is a feminine affair in which the faint splash of sugar in dainty cups is mingled with discussions on frocks, the latest marriage, or kindred topics dear to a woman's heart. Ladies may sit just as they please, and need not, as the Japanese do, drink their tea in precisely three-and-a-half sips, and then wipe away the miniature tea-drop hanging on the rim with a special piece of paper provided for that purpose. They may drink six cups of tea without a blush, or even go so far as to emulate Dr. Johnson in this respect without creating much comment. Tea-drinking with us is a pastime bounded by no rules and regulations, except, perhaps, that of general civility. In Japan, it was something infinitely more than a pastime. It savoured of a religious institution. It taught the graceful art of absolute repose, both as to mind as well as to body. This tea-drinking warrior was inclined to think that a beautiful thing should always be done slowly and in the best possible way. He was aware that, though his body was in repose, it was at the same time a repose best fitted for future action. It was the ever-watchful repose of a recumbent tiger. His silence was far from indicating a state of mental stagnation. As he slowly sipped his tea, he pondered over the colour and symmetry of a single branch of some flowering tree. He saw in the cherry or plum blossom, not merely a concrete example of one of nature's beauties, but he went further and observed that cherry or plum blossom do not slowly linger and gradually fade from rosy-pink or delicate white to dried-up, brown petals, but that these flowers are at any moment prepared to fly away on the wings of the wind into the great blue sky above. That is why Motoori Norinaga wrote: "Should anyone ask me what the spirit of Japan is like, I would point to the blossom of the wild cherry tree in the beams of the morning sun." The samurai learnt, in these quiet hours of contemplation, in which the actual drinking of tea was but a minor part, that he, too, like the cherry blossom, must be ready to depart for the grim battlefield, or to answer that last call of death, and be ready to feel the stirrings of that great mysterious wind that blows him away from the seclusion of a tea-house, from the glory of a garden, and from those he holds most dear into the windless hush of the Far Beyond.

## REVIEWS

### THE PROVINCIAL SPIRIT

*Confessions of a Barbarian.* By GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK. (Lane. 5s. net.)

It will be plain to all readers of this interesting and suggestive volume that the author has made at least one serious mistake. He describes himself, perhaps through excessive modesty, as a "barbarian," but he is clearly wrong. It has always been a desire of our modern civilisation to see itself from outside; that is, through the eyes of a barbarian. There is quite an odd interest in reading of the astonishment and bewilderment of an African chief on his first sight of London; we are delighted to hear him talking of the "Big Kraal" and the "Great Medicine Houses," and so forth. Presumably, it flatters our pride to set the black man's eyes rolling in wild amazement, and we tactfully refrain from asking King Ja-ja what he thinks of the Workhouse and the Processions of Unemployed. But the worst of it is that in the case of a genuine barbarian impressions and expressions are alike limited; he can only talk of the tangible and material, and in the nature of things we cannot expect him to favour

us with his views on theological controversies or on the respective merits of Tennyson, Swinburne, and Browning. We caught a fleeting joy years ago when a Shah of Persia preferred the tuning of the orchestra to the opera that followed—one has never heard the name of the opera, by the way—but the general rule is that it is vain to look for æsthetic criticism from the King of Borrioboolah Gah. Now Mr. Viereck is an American citizen, and he is compact of criticism, literary and æsthetic; it is clearly mere frivolity in him to lamp-black his face and to try to make us call him "Massa Viereck." And, on the other hand, he is no less clearly to be excluded from the white caste which Matthew Arnold pleasantly styled barbarian. For though the "young barbarians" of the Eton playing-fields differ in many respects from your true savage, yet they share with the latter his dislike for the giving of æsthetic judgments, and have, indeed, something like a superstitious terror of poetry and all fine arts. It is inconceivable, for instance, that a barbarian in the Arnoldian sense would read, quote, or praise the following little thing on Buddha, by "my friend, Johannes Schlaf."

BUDDHA.

By night around my temple grove  
watch seventy brazen cows.  
A thousand mottled stone lampions flicker.  
Upon a red throne of lac  
I sit in the Holy of Holies.  
Over me  
thro' the beams of sandalwood,  
in the ceiling's open square,  
stand the stars.  
I blink.

This sort of thing, it seems evident, would be of no sort of use to an Etonian or to his father. Swinburne, it is true, was an Eton boy, but he was not a representative Etonian; and it seems scarcely necessary to labour the argument that neither by race nor culture is Mr. Viereck entitled to the style of "barbarian." What, then, is he? Well, here are some quotations which may elucidate that interesting question:—

My book . . . is journalism only in the sense in which that term may be applied to the *Reisebilder* of Heine.

. . . Only those are of all time who, like Rabelais, Cervantes, and Voltaire, are in immediate touch with their own time. . . . I speak with the truthfulness of Saint Augustine, of Rousseau, and of George Moore.

Yet I am perhaps unjust to the American playwright. Clyde Fitch's best play, *The City*, is almost Elizabethan in its terror and its strength. Charles Klein and Augustus Thomas may yet purge their systems of the germs of moralomania. . . . William Vaughn Moody, in a splendid but isolated attack of forgetfulness, wrote *The Great Divide*. . . . Until . . . Faversham's conception of a new play by Stephen Phillips is to us all a matter of vital and personal interest, the New Theater will be only an arch of promise in our theatrical sky.

We may count our creative critics on the fingers of one hand. James Huneker may be said to be the index-finger pointing the way to the new. Paul Elmer More is the thumb, pointing backward. William Marion Reedy is the middle finger. The little finger is Percival Pollard. I cannot make up my mind as to who is the fifth; but I suspect Michael Monahan.

Like Caesar, Roosevelt is a historian. . . . Chatterton "perished in his pride." I, Le Gallienne says, perish in my conceit.

Now, there was once an American of some eminence—it may well have been Lowell—who, remarking on some trick of poetical technique, observed, quite easily and unconsciously, "Shelley and N. P. Willis and Keats and Albert Pike all make use of it." And, again—this is an extreme instance—a lad, home from Australia for the first time, was being shown over London by an indulgent uncle. The young Bushman was wearily contemptuous of all our wonders, till at last the uncle, grown desperate, took his nephew to Westminster Abbey. "There," said he, "I don't think you have anything equal to this in Australia!"

The coldness of the lad became glacial in a supreme glance of disdain. "You think not!" he sneered. "You should just see the First Presbyterian Church at Ballarat." This last case is, as has been noted, extreme even to burlesque, but it is to be trusted that the nature of Mr. Viereck's malady is now evident. He is quite free from barbarism; he is a victim of that more insidious and deadly disease called provincialism. It is not merely that Mr. Viereck assigns to certain of his countrymen a higher degree of importance than that which they possess; it is not only that he shows some inclination to seat himself between the high immortal thrones of Cervantes and Rabelais. There is more than this: there is the deep-seated ignorance of values that is the distinguishing mark—the differentia—of provincialism; that sees nothing incongruous in such a sentence as "I speak with the truthfulness of Saint Augustine, of Rousseau, and of George Moore." The man who could write that phrase is a provincial to his heart of hearts. Physically, he may be like Hannibal Chollop and have his bright home "in the Settlin' Sun," but spiritually his feet stand in thy gates, O Little Pedlington.

And the strange thing is that Mr. Viereck, in his æsthetic survey of Europe (more particularly of Germany), strives with all his might against this dire sickness of the soul. With all his might he testifies against the limitations, the rawnesses, the wretched materialisms of his adopted country.

The average American in literature and in morals is a Hottentot wearing a stove-pipe. His sophistication is unreal. His wisdom is shrewdness. His vices are ordinary, his religious convictions shallow. He is good-natured, but ignorant and irreverent. He has the heart of a child and the conceit of a monkey. . . . Our patriotism is the only imaginative ingredient in our national structure. It is crude at that—and hysterical. And it does not prevent us from cheating our country in business.

And so on, and so on, all through the book, till the author makes a kind of doubtful apology in the last pages to the country that he has thus chastised. And yet he writes the phrases that have been quoted, those references to melodramatic playwrights, and "matinée idol" actors, and critics whose fame is not yet more enduring than brass. It is as if an Englishman, reviewing in a serious spirit the prospects of our drama, pointed out that there was much to be hoped from the authors of "The Bad Girl of the Family" and "The Eternal Question."

And one regrets to say that Mr. Viereck is also a Puritan. Not a simple Puritan, be it understood, but what he himself would call an "inverse" or "mazoehist" Puritan. Rendering these obscure terms into simple English, Mr. Viereck belabours with wild fury the thing that he loves, and shows the strength of the grip with which Puritanism holds him by the fierce energy of his outrages and reproaches against it.

O little siren of the rose-white skin,  
Reared to strange music and to stranger sin,

writes our author, and he is evidently quite unaware of the extreme frigidity of his attitude. Men can blister their hands at the Poles as well as at the Equator, from excess of cold as well as from excess of heat. Mr. Viereck takes pains to assure us that, in spite of sad things that he has written, he is really eminently respectable. Of course he is; nothing but extreme respectability (in disguise) could have inspired the verses to the Little Siren. And here, perhaps, lies the palmary mischief done by the puritan spirit. Its pretence of extreme modesty we can, and do, neglect; nobody interested in literature is interested in the works of Mr. Viereck's countryman, the Rev. E. P. Roe. The real danger comes when the same spirit, manifesting in reaction, puts on the pretence of extreme immodesty; and simple folk are led to confound the depth of impudence (using the word in its literal sense) with the height of genius.



## THE HARVEST OF THE SWORD

*Quarante Ans Après. Impressions d'Alsace et de Lorraine, 1870-1910.* By JULES CLARETIE, de l'Académie française. (Bibliothèque Charpentier, Paris.)

M. JULES CLARETIE's latest work bears on every page the stamp of its author's well-known and versatile personality; the characteristically strong views expressed with corresponding directness strengthen our belief in the stories told of the uncompromising and masterful Administrator of the Comédie Française; the handling of some of the episodes suggests the same functionary—not that truth is made to run any hazard, but art, dramatic art, has her claims satisfied at a certain cost. As literature, the book cannot aspire to a very high place; we do not think the writer demands it; he gives us a note-book compiled from his journalistic jottings of forty years and more, and leaves to his reader to fill up the gaps and to weld into a whole through intuition and further knowledge. This is, moreover, not the first formal contribution of M. Claretie to the subject. He mentions in his preface that he published thirty-five years ago another book of souvenirs and observations, called "*Cinq Ans Après*." As war-correspondent of 1870, and constant traveller in the debatable lands between the Rhine and Moselle, it may be easily understood that he has acquired an inexhaustible store of suggestive information.

If we may venture on a rough analysis of the matter of this book—strictly speaking, there is only one subject, the lost provinces of France—we shall say that there are three principal ideas: the War ("il n'y a plus qu'une Guerre pour nous dans l'histoire de cette France qui supporta tant de guerres"); Germany, her rise and aspirations; and the position, past, present, and future, of the Reichslander, Alsace-Lorraine. It is to this last theme that the interest of the book is, and is meant to be, directed. To Frenchmen and Germans the interest is particular and actual, to us and to the rest of the world it is more general, for in the discussion of such a topic the whole perplexing paradox of nationalism is involved. With regard to the War itself, the attitude of M. Claretie may be well summed up in the words of a popular song:

"Ah! si Bazaine avait voulu!"

He gives more than once his deliberate opinion that the Marshal could have saved France, and failed to do so; treachery, in the strict sense of the word, he seems not to impute. He quotes Moltke's words: "It is difficult to account for it" (Bazaine's strategy at Metz) "if we confine ourselves to purely military reasons." A still stronger condemnation, by Prince Frederick Charles, is quoted, to the effect that, with such troops as Bazaine possessed, the Metz disaster ought to have been impossible. M. Claretie's personal experiences as war correspondent are told in very graphic style, though, as we have already mentioned, they occasionally come under suspicion of colouring for dramatic effect. The correspondent found his way for a moment, as prisoner, into the Prussian camp; there he had a short interview with Prince Albert, brother of King William, and had an opportunity of comparing the efficiency of the respective staffs of the two armies. He also came in contact with much that must have been acutely galling to a patriotic Frenchman at this moment. He quotes this sally of a member of the Prince's staff: "Il nous a envoyé une épée qui n'est point celle de François I<sup>er</sup>, mais on prend ce qu'on trouve." While we are speaking of special correspondents, we may perhaps be allowed to quote the reply of the correspondent of the *Figaro*, when refused a pass by the general concerned. "Alors voilà tout; c'est très simple: *Le Figaro* ne fera pas de réclame à cette guerre-là!"

In approaching the second head of our perhaps rather arbitrary analysis—the rise and aims of the German Empire, we feel that we are venturing on very slippery ground, and we shall refrain from following M. Claretie very far on the path along which he leads us. He has no misgivings. For him the war of 1870 was the climax of two generations of unrelenting, carefully fostered

Gallophobia. Frenchmen might with reckless generosity welcome and aid the beginnings of German liberty and German power; Germans owed them no gratitude. On the contrary, it was the Holy War that was being preached all over Germany with increasing vehemence for upwards of a century. Lessing was perhaps the first of the crusaders; but from the War of Liberation onwards great was the company of the preachers. Berlin University was founded on the ruins of Halle University to teach the true gospel, that France was the enemy of Germany and Heaven, and that her complete abasement would be a just and righteous act. She was an ancient oppressor and a sink of corruption. When the opportunity came of realising these aspirations, there was some little difficulty in finding a satisfactory formula for the "punishment." The victories of Napoleon and the Congress of Vienna had left France with nothing but her bare traditional territories; there was no wrongfully seized province to reclaim; the plous spoilers had to look further. Side by side with the true strategical and commercial reasons for annexing Alsace and Lorraine were solemnly quoted the burning of the Palatinate by Turenne, and the wrongful annexation of Alsace under Mazarin. M. Claretie says that he was obliged to argue against such propositions as these at the headquarters of Prince Albert at Sedan on the day of the surrender. The crowning emotion of that day was to be witness of the triumphal passing of the King, "silent, and religiously satisfied with his work," accompanied by his "smiling" Minister.

We cannot help feeling that M. Claretie has put his finger on a most important truth in emphasising the "Holy War" and the religious-academical crusade. He admits a recent softening on the part of the military leaders towards their ancient foe, but "the professors, the scholars, the schoolmasters are indefatigable agents of hatred. They teach contempt and anger. Geography and History are made to serve Pangermanic uses." And the men of business, it seems, are no better. It is in the essence of the German character to repeat over and over again the same dictum, and to elevate the oft-repeated to the status of a positive truth, especially when its point of origin is a professorial chair. M. Claretie is of those who believe that Germany has now another war to make—not that with France—nay, that she is making it already. "Elle nous visait au cœur: elle vise l'Angleterre au ventre."

In the problem of Alsace-Lorraine we find M. Claretie most absorbing; his affections, his passions are concerned, and there are many passages that reflect his animated sentiments. His observations are the result of many pilgrimages made from time to time to ascertain if the pulse of patriotism still beat "là-bas." It is remarkable that within the last few weeks there should have been two celebrations connected with the French provinces, past or present; the fiftieth anniversary of the cession of Savoy to France has almost coincided with the fortieth anniversary of the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine by Germany. The coincidence has been discussed in both countries; but we think that the comparison need not be pressed too far. Savoy never showed any very great reluctance to be incorporated with France; there is no question about the dissatisfaction of Alsace and Lorraine when severed from her; the voice of protest is no doubt losing volume, but it continues to be heard. The celebrations of the fortieth anniversary of the war serve to fan the embers. During August and September the tombs on both sides of the border have been visited by patriots. Here and there officialism has created an incident; an old French soldier, wearing the war-medal, was told by a gendarme to take off that "Schweinerel"; his conduct was very properly condemned in the German papers.

It is now that old men and women of Alsace and Lorraine remember that they are French by nationality. But we find ourselves asking: Are they really French? And if they are French, what constitutes a Frenchman? For in the towns and villages between the Vosges and the Rhine we observe nothing but German names, faces, food, buildings, and language. And yet we are often told, and we

know in many cases by experience, that these people, or a great many of them, are in heart and mind absolutely French. And yet to a very great extent the actual boundary corresponds to this boundary of language and customs. It is true that it would be difficult to imagine Belfort as a German town, though it narrowly escaped becoming one. In Lorraine the more obviously French element is more abundant, though a glance at the cathedrals of Metz and, for instance, Toul, sets us wondering again about the—so to speak—racial frontier. It may be that German garrisons, German universities, and German settlers may make these Germanic tracts of long ago German once again; but it will be a long, a difficult, and a not very graceful task.

## THE CRY OF THE LUNATIC

*Legally Dead: Experiences During Seventeen Weeks' Detention in a Private Asylum.* By MARCIA HAMILCAR. (John Ouseley, Ltd. 5s. net.)

As far as the personal complaints of this book are concerned, it is a matter of small account to the reviewer whether they are true or false. What is of moment is the fact of our own fatuous indifference to a barbarous, because crude, system of treating insanity. Such a state is more lamentable because it originates from neglect rather than from ignorance. For, if France can boast of such a man as Pinel, cannot England boast of such men as the Tukes, Conolly, and Forbes Winslow? Indeed, it is the gifted son of the last-named Lunacy expert who, at the request of the publishers, has written an introduction to Miss Hamilear's bitter record of experiences as an abused sufferer. Thus, if the incapacity of doctors and the rude brutality of official attendants, as instanced by Miss Hamilear, fail to rouse public interest in the matter, the strong indictment of a broad-minded and popular expert ought to be more successful. It must, however, be borne in mind that the book is an impeachment of our private rather than our public institutions, though there exists a pressing need for reform in the asylums which are publicly supported.

Disease, whether it be physical or mental, not only needs a negative but a positive form of treatment, since, where organic principles are ignored, all methods of experiment must prove futile. Therefore, there should be no exception made to the fundamental necessity which calls for sound knowledge rather than experimental skill. In this light alone, the matter assumes stupendous importance, seeing that the disease, the most terrifying that human souls have to face, is attaining alarming bounds, and causing the nation enormous expense at the present time. Reform, therefore, is not merely a matter for sentiment, for humane regard for mental suffering, but it is also a matter for economic necessity. Thus, if, by the institution of sound methods of treatment, the enormous expenditure on the part of the nation could be systematically and repeatedly reduced by arresting the insidious growth of the evil, would not such an economic triumph prove worth having? It would certainly be an advance on our present system of popular experiment.

It seems that, in England, mental pathology forms no part of a medical man's curriculum, so that even in those asylums where the brutal forms of mechanical restraint and the cruel use of drugs have been abolished, the treatment of patients is not so much guided by knowledge as by ignorance of principle.

There is one great truism in "Legally Dead," writes Dr. L. Forbes Winslow, and that is the attention drawn to the fact with reference to the ignorance of the general practitioner in matters pertaining to Lunacy.

On the Continent, science is of far more importance than it is here. The Germans, for instance, have a most excellent system of State-supported sanatoria, by means of which persons who are merely threatened with insanity are rescued from its awful consequences. What is to stop

us from following on the preventive lines of Germany? Merely our own apathy towards sound economic principle. As a matter of fact, you can only work the public through its pocket or its bare feelings or passions. Mind, and therefore the power of argument or logic, is an absent factor. Otherwise, the economic truths discovered and preached by the Tukes, Conolly, and the father of the present Forbes Winslow, would not have fallen short of popular appreciation and recognition. Good may possibly come from the perusal of Miss Hamilear's sensational account of her own mal-treatment. Popular feeling may be touched by it. Where the real danger lies is in the transient influence of feeling, for, though a popular sense of wrong can be productive of good results, it is upon reason and not feeling that any permanence of good results can rest.

Our irrational system of treating insanity cannot be improved by any irrational outburst of sympathy. This is why Press sensationalism is so destructive of order. What should be expected from the Free Press of any nation is not sensationalism, but character—not vulgarity, but refinement. It is the more important for us to state this fact inasmuch as the real value of this book lies, not in Miss Hamilear's record of painful experience, but in Dr. L. Forbes Winslow's dignified appeal for economic measures of reform. For how can the sane treatment of insanity be expected apart from all regard for sane principles?

The Commissioners of Lunacy, therefore, have a most important duty to perform, and the Press, in the event of continued apathy, should have compelling influence. Such attempt at compulsion must, however, be logically and not sensationally conducted.

## SHORTER REVIEWS

*Low's Handbook to the Charities of London, 1910.* (ELIOT BOOTHROYD. 1s.)

FROM the earliest times until the present day it has been customary in a greater or lesser degree for a soundly organised State to look after the interests of the fatherless and widows and of those who are sick. And it is in accordance with this principle that after "a life of three-quarters of a century" Messrs. Low's Handbook makes its seventy-fifth appearance. Contrary to the practice followed in last year's edition of the book, which gave a report of the previous year's charity, we now have a preface dealing with the history of orphanages. The movement is traced in its many phases until it culminates in the establishment in 1758 of the Orphan Working School and Royal Female Orphan Asylum, supplemented in 1864 by the Alexandra Orphanage for Infants. It is a fact worthy to be noted that although in 1764 it was submitted "to the consideration of the general committee whether it would be advantageous to the children . . . to learn addition," the extent to which the founders at first agreed to go was to teach the children to work in order that they might earn their daily bread—an action which we do not think that those who are at present responsible for the elementary education of the youth of the country would do badly to imitate. The remainder of the book deals with the various London charities, which are conveniently arranged in alphabetical order, whilst under each heading we have a brief résumé, with dates, of the foundation, organisation, and receipts of each charity mentioned.

*Adrift on an Ice-Pan.* By WILFRID THOMASON GREENFELL, M.D. Oxon., C.M.G. Illustrated. (Constable and Co. 2s. net.)

THIS book details an isolated adventure of the author in travelling to succour an acute case some sixty miles distant from his home in Labrador, where he was working



among the fishermen as a medical missionary. A biographical sketch of the author's career by Clarence John Blake prefaces the narrative, and an appendix contains an account of the same adventure as told by one of Mr. Grenfell's fishermen friends. The incident of the killing of his faithful dogs to save his own life is, in our opinion, unnecessarily detailed. The book is well printed, and illustrated by photographs of the region where the adventure occurred.

## FICTION

*Not Guilty.* By W. E. NORRIS. (Constable and Co. 6s.)

It must be admitted that Mr. W. E. Norris has in perfection the trick of novel-making. He is an old favourite with seasoned readers of fiction, as we have had occasion to mention in these columns before; his books are always interesting and readable, because he never attempts too much. The question which presents itself rather forcibly to us after reading this latest product of his indefatigable pen is whether he attempts enough, for indubitably "Not Guilty" is more than a little of the machine-made order. We have the trial scene, where the handsome young eldest son, suspected of murder, just escapes a verdict which would hang him; we find that he is disinherited in due course; he shields the proud, passionate girl with whom he had been on the evening of the murder by refusing to relate his movements at that critical period. We have the fire at the hall, which destroys a necessary letter; the confession of the real criminal on his deathbed; the vanishing of Stephen (our hero) to Australia, and his supposed death; his sensational reappearance at the right time, and a love scene to finish up with. It is all a little too obvious; it seems as though the author was quite too bored with his tale to put any originality into his characters. Mr. Norris has done so very much better than this that we feel annoyed with him; surely, if he had to take a ready-made plot, there are some which have not been worn quite so threadbare.

We find, *bien entendu*, the careful writing and exact construction which Mr. Norris ever provides for his admirers; we note, also, many pleasant little touches of characterisation. These, however, do not compensate for the disappointment we feel at a plot which with slight variations has been the theme of stock melodramas and cheap novelettes since first those opales of the middle-class intellect came into general acceptance.

*Had Cloiziberl Known?* By JAMES SAUNDERS. (Whitehead Bros., Wolverhampton. 2s. 6d.)

THIS is a most foolish piece of work; its author explains (in an introductory paragraph) that this "first novel" is published at the age of sixty-eight, which may perhaps account for its old-fashioned methods. The villain of the piece is a clergyman, Pieric Cloiziberl, who takes a dislike to the virtuous village schoolmaster, George Boddow. Boddow is removed from his post by Cloiziberl's machinations, and falls on evil days. Maddened by privations, he runs amok, "no man by an Avenging spirit, oblivious of Nature and his species. O Cloiziberl! minister of Doom and priest of Revenge, shall revenge and doom overtake thee, and all unprepared? 'Tis for thee, O Cloiziberl, the Avenger waits! A maniac, a castaway, frenzied and pitiless through thine inhuman persecutions and machinations, goaded and Hell-prompted to Desperation and Vengeance." The catastrophe is averted, and Boddow is discovered to be the son of Cloiziberl! This blow is too much for the clerical villain. "Anon there came into the man's orbs a dreadful light, which glowed and waned as the eyes of tigers at bay in the meshes of the jungles; two fiery, flickering, baleful lures." "A set smile of Satanic import curved his lips" as Pieric Cloiziberl shoots himself; and "his linen, erstwhile so white and fair, and

marked with the Cloiziberl crest, was soaked with the life-blood of a suicide"! The book falls below even the lax standard of the melodramatic *feuilleton*.

*The Naughty Comet.* By LAURA E. RICHARDS. (Allenson. 2s. 6d. net.)

"THE NAUGHTY COMET" is a collection of short stories and amusing jingles—one can hardly call them poems—for small children. They are short, lively, and simply told, and some, such as the "Story of Chop-Chin and the Golden Dragon," have a certain quality of humour. At the worst, they are frankly nonsensical, and there is a public for nonsense stories, as for nonsense rhymes. It is, however, doubtful whether the children to whom these stories are read would appreciate the description of the Princess, whose speech was "like the first tinkling cascade of the baby Nile."

## THE THEATRE

### "LA RENCONTRE."

THE adaptation by Mr. Rudolf Besier of M. Pierre Berton's play, "La Rencontre," under the name of "The Crisis," has been produced at the New Theatre by Miss Evelyn Millard. Mr. Rudolf Besier, like Mr. Cosmo Hamilton, with whose version of "Le Costand des Epinettes" was dealt with last week, has shown us that he is well capable of writing plays which are original, and we are quite certain that he could have provided Miss Evelyn Millard with a play of his own in which she would have been seen to much greater advantage and which would have been in all probability treated seriously by the critics, who certainly did not treat "The Crisis" seriously. They poured ridicule both upon Mr. Besier's adaptation and upon Mr. Cosmo Hamilton's adaptation, and they did so, not because they found either of these plays very much worse than many plays which have been praised by them, and which have achieved a certain measure of success, but because they are adaptations from the French. The critics have combined to set their minds against these adaptations, and there is a good deal to be said in favour of the conclusion to which they have come. They argue that to produce an adaptation from a play which has met with favour in another country shows a cowardice on the part of English managers which is inexcusable, especially when these adaptations are done by dramatists whose original work is considerably better than the French plays which they are called upon to adapt.

Mr. Charles Frohman is an old offender. He conducts his theatrical business on the most cowardly lines, and his policy is never, unless obliged, to produce a play either in England or America which has not passed through the ordeal of a production elsewhere first. In other words, he does not know a play when he sees it. And there is not a single man on his staff in England and America whose judgment of a play is of the least value. He waits therefore until someone else has gone to the expense of producing a play before he takes the American or English rights, as the case may be. He buys up French plays for England and America, English plays for America, and American plays for England. If he were not backed by an enormous capital he would still be the manager of a troupe of negro minstrels, or, if he had been a man without the money to conduct his second-hand business and had taken a theatre either in England or America with a small capital for the production of original plays, he would have been bankrupt within a year, because he would certainly have put on plays which contained none of the elements of success, and let obviously good plays slip through his fingers. It is greatly to be hoped that the reception of "The Bolt from the Blue" by the critics, who have thrown vitriol at this piece, because it was an adaptation, will teach him a much-deserved lesson.

"La Rencontre" was produced at the Comédie Française on June 17, 1909, and the leading parts were played by MM. George Grand, André Brunot, Mesdames Sorel and Provost. Of all the plays produced in Paris for the last ten years it was the least possible of adaptation to the English stage. It was also the least worthy. It was a dull, talky, and studiously indecent piece. It had in it no study of temperament and no psychology to render its indecency excusable or artistic. Mr. Rudolf Besier did his work very well, and by many clever touches of his own endeavoured to make the characters natural and plausible. That he was not wholly successful was not so much his fault as the fault of the French author, who had thought less of characterisation than theatrical effect. The play was chosen doubtless because it was imagined that English playgoers might be attracted to it for its daring. It was in all probability argued that it would succeed because of its one dangerous moment. Very likely the argument would have been right had the crisis occurred to people who were in any degree lifelike and in whom it was possible to take any interest or regard with any sympathy. In France the actors endowed their parts with a certain resemblance to life, and the actresses made the two women creatures of blood and bones. Miss Millard and Mr. Norman McKinnell, however, are artists of quite second-rate calibre, and so they made the characters portrayed by them more wooden and unlife-like than they were when they left the author's pen. Having a purely theatrical part to play, Miss Millard brought to it all her worst theatrical tricks. She delivered the lines allotted to her as though she were an amateur playing Portia. She sang them to a sort of Gregorian chant. She never once permitted herself to talk naturally, earnestly, eagerly, excitedly, or with any feeling. Mr. Norman McKinnell, whose range is limited to the portrayal of a man who is brusque and dictatorial, was utterly unsuited to the nervous and excitable politician and barrister for which he was cast. He uttered passionate expressions of love with as little feeling and emotion as though he were telephoning for a taxicab, and was not in a hurry for it. When he was supposed to be saying charmingly diplomatic things to a pretty woman he stood in front of her with his fists clenched, as though he desired nothing so much as to shake her. It was a very bad performance in every way. Mr. Lennox Pawle, on the other hand, brought to bear upon the part of a comic professor, who could only talk to women in Latin, an unexpected touch of pathos—unexpected because hitherto he has appeared in musical comedies. Miss Sarah Brooke looked French, and gesticulated in the French manner, and she was very much alive in all her scenes. But for a slight exaggeration here and there her performance was a very able one, the best that we have seen her do in London. But had the play been acted by the best actors and actresses on the English stage, and put on extravagantly, it would have remained what it is—the work of a French dramatist who has lost touch with the theatre. It had no success in Paris, being a *réchauffé* of the kind of thing which was written *ad nauseam* twenty years ago. There was no wit in the dialogue and no art in its construction. The first word which can be applied to it is unpleasant. But if one were asked to find other words one would inevitably add tiresome, dull, feeble, and unnecessary.

#### "THE CHOCOLATE SOLDIER."

Our impression of this opera may be given in a sentence. We are quite sure that much pleasure will be derived from paying a single visit to the Lyric Theatre, but we do not think that there are many people who would care to pay a second visit. The distinguishing features of the opera are monotony and repetition. But for the extremely good acting of Miss Constance Drever as Nadina, Miss Elsie Spain as Mascha, Miss Amy Augarde as Aurelia, and last, but not least, Mr. Workman as Bumerli, we think the author would have provided us with a dull entertainment,

which the music does little to relieve. The same kind of situations are continually presented to us, and the same kind of refrain occurs continually in the music. On the whole we are doubtful whether Mr. Bernard Shaw's comedies form a good basis for a parody in comic opera. The first act in Nadina's sleeping chamber is quite the best of the three. The dialogue and situations are very entertaining, and when the curtain falls at the end of that act the audience is in an entirely good humour, and prepared to look forward to the two following acts with every expectation of pleasure. In the second act the declension begins, and in the third the action is mainly a repetition of what has previously occurred, culminating in an abrupt and unsatisfactory tableau. In much of the music there is distinct reminiscence of Sullivan. In the second act we like a duet "There Never Was Such a Lover," and we quite agree that there never was such a clumsy fellow. Much has been written about a haunting waltz. We can only say that no waltz which we heard last night haunts us in the least. We heard one or two very trifling waltz refrains, but we heard nothing which we think will attain the popularity of the "Merry Widow." As we have said before, there was monotony of dialogue, monotony of situation, and musical monotony. Neither did it stop there—there was monotony of scenery, act two and act three being both located in the courtyard of Colonel Popoff's house, a scene, moreover, by no means remarkable for its beauty. Monotony again occurred in the wearing of the same uniform in two acts by Bumerli, and there was also monotony in the constant reference to his dispensing with unmentionables on occasion. It was, we think, unnecessary to wear the same uniform twice if a similar habit obtains in the Servian as in the Bulgarian army. The latter braves were clad indiscriminately in red, blue, white, and green, their only uniformity being that they all wore precisely the same hirsute adornments in ample profusion. It is much to be hoped that, as peace had been proclaimed, the offices of a barber were to be shortly afterwards called in. We regret that such fine acting as we have referred to above was not provided with a better vehicle for its display.

## DE MUSSET AND "LES NUITS"

### II.

Let us now turn to the works of de Musset. Every student in the Quartier Latin could recite his early poem, "Rolla," from beginning to end, but this is hardly a proof of poetical greatness. His "Comédies et Proverbes" are still famous, though for some time after the prohibition of "La Nuit Vénitienne" de Musset did not trouble much about the drama. Among his poems, "Strophes à la Malibran" and "A Ninon" are some of the best productions of the age; whilst his more personal works include two of great interest, his prose and verse accounts of his attachment to George Sand. "La Confession d'un Enfant du Siècle," apart from the fact that it is a masterpiece, is intensely interesting because of the analytical manner in which the emotions are portrayed. De Musset makes no attempt to gloss over the scenes where he has obviously failed in moral courage, and attributes to himself the whole blame of separation. Characteristic of the woman, George Sand, in her version of the story in "Elle et lui," lays all the blame on his impossible moods and whimsical temperament. The facts, the very letters which passed between them, are now public property, and we are able to judge for ourselves.

Les plus désespérés sont les chants les plus beaux,

and, as we have already mentioned, nothing in all the works of Goethe or Byron teem more with the sorrows



of a broken heart and the desperate bitterness caused by an unfaithful mistress than these songs of the poet as he pours out his hopeless love-story to his Muse.

Seul, la tête baissée,  
Je regardai longtemps les murs et le chemin.

Je n'aimai qu'elle au monde et vivre un jour sans elle  
Me semblait un destin plus affreux que la mort.

Let us be convinced once and for all that de Musset was not acting; he was not playing to the gallery for applause. Bulwer Lytton says somewhere in "Falkland" that "our writing is our friend, the inanimate paper is our confessional; we pour forth on it thoughts that we could tell to no private ear, and are relieved—are consoled." And the late Laureate echoes much the same thought—

I do but sing because I must,  
And pipe but as the linnets sing.

Let us take the poems in order of season and glance briefly through them. No master ever penned a more lovely description of spring than this, in "La Nuit de Mai"—

Ce soir tout va fleurir; l'immortelle nature  
Se remplit de parfums, d'amour, et de murmure.

It brings to our ears the sound of Pan's pipes playing very gently and from afar; we can see the Zephyr swaying the petals of the wild rose; we can almost feel with the poet the approach of the Muse as she glides towards him. But above all, if we are true lovers of poetry we *can* and *do* feel the grief and sorrow in his heart.

"Hélas! bien jeune encor, tu te mourais d'amour."

Even when the Muse, "consolatrice" as he calls her in another poem, endeavours to soothe him with a review of all poetical inspiration, he replies dejectedly—

Le moins que j'en pourrais dire  
Si je l'essayais sur la lyre,  
La briserait comme un roseau.

In these four great productions de Musset shows himself the poet of Nature and of Emotion, but it is above all in "La Nuit d'Août" that he surpasses other French poets in lyrical beauty. He begins with the same wild sorrow, but this time the Muse no longer seeks to inspire him with poetical fire; she pleads tearfully for the return of his old affection for her. He tells her that passing through the valley at sunset he came upon a bird who still sang, although her brood had perished in the night. Why, then, should not he sing too, although his loved one had gone from him, and he was left in solitude? God still remains!

A qui perd tout, Dieu reste encore  
Dieu là-haut, l'espoir ici-bas.

We pass on to "La Nuit d'Octobre," the most personal poem of all, in which he recounts the story of his betrayal. He speaks of his bygone hours of happiness and complete joy.

Près du ruisseau, quand nous marchions ensemble,  
Le soir sur le sable argentin,  
Quand devant nous le blanc spectre du tremble  
De loin nous montrait le chemin;  
Je vois encore aux rayons de la lune  
Ce beau corps plier dans mes bras . . .

In the most touching strains the Muse seeks to comfort his grief, supplicating him to abandon the memories of a dead affection, pointing out that it is only by suffering that man can attain to greatness—

"Pour vivre et pour sentir, l'homme a besoin des pleurs."

In the end she conquers, a new gleam of hope and inspiration flashes upon his darkened heart, and with a

last tear, a last farewell, he turns once more to seek for peace and happiness—

Viens voir la nature immortelle,  
Sortir des voiles du sommeil,  
Nous allons renaitre avec elle  
Au premier rayon du soleil!

The last poem of this perfect cycle is "La Nuit de Décembre," telling of that strange phantom which all through the poet's life stands beside him in joy and in sorrow, in the gay world of society, in the silence of the night, and in the glorious loneliness of Nature—

Un étranger vêtu en noir,  
Qui me ressemblait comme un frère.

And so the poet turns to him, the stranger, who seems to know his inmost soul, and yet who does not speak either in rebuke or in commendation of his every action—

Qui donc es-tu, spectre de ma jeunesse,  
Pèlerin que rien n'a lassé?  
Dis-moi pourquoi je te trouve sans cesse  
Assis dans l'ombre où j'ai passé?

And the stranger's impassive answer comes—

Je te suivrai sur le chemin,  
Mais je ne puis toucher la main,  
Ami, je suis la solitude . . .

Surely such a man must have walked with, and seen the calm, restful features of the great god Pan; and had learned to know and understand the whispering of the trees and flowers, the murmur of the brook, the songs of nesting birds!

But besides all this de Musset had sought for something greater, and if possible something more lovely still. He had sought for the perfect soul of woman, and he had come very near to finding it. There is much in his life for which he must be forgiven, his childish lack of the practical, his weak despondency, his gross excesses. But there is much, too, which soars above this earthly clay, and that reaches nearer Heaven, much that claims the recompense of immortality. A hundred years have gone by since he came among us, and in all probability another hundred may come and go and still his poetry will rest deep down in the hearts of Frenchmen first, and then of all the reading world.

## THE VORACIOUS KOREAN

"Tis substantial happiness to eat," and in Korea one of the most salient of the national characteristics is an insatiable appetite, so that to the majority of Koreans it is almost always meal-time, and even between meals they will partake of any edible that is offered. The idea that eating can be looked upon as a necessary evil is foreign to their conception of things, and the average native does not eat that he may live, but lives that he may eat. And as he practises it, the act, though usually unnecessary, is invariably considered good; so, ever ready to eat, he attacks whatever comes in his way, and rarely says "enough." It follows, therefore, that a capacious stomach is a necessity to a Korean, and, eating-matches being quite common among the people, it is also considered a high accomplishment to possess such a one; hence early training towards this end is the order of the day, and the native women seek to develop it in their offspring from infancy. Indeed, it is no uncommon thing for a mother to be seen with an infant on her knee, stuffing it with rice, as one rams a wad into a gun, and tapping it now and again with a ladle to see that the food is fully spread out or rammed home; and she will only cease cramming the child when it is physically impossible for it to swell up more.

Korean cooking, though not always painstaking, is certainly very substantial, as a great deal of flesh is eaten—beef, pork, venison, fowls, fish and game being con-

sumed without much waste in rejected material. Fish-bone salad is considered a by no means unsavoury dish. In fact, fish-bones and the small bones of fowls never scare the appetite of the natives of this "Hermit Land," for they are by no means fastidious in their eating; all is grist that comes to the Korean maw. Raw fish is eaten from tail to head with only a little seasoning, while uncooked food of all kinds is often swallowed without condiment of any sort. Raw viands are, however, usually partaken of with a strong seasoning of pepper or mustard. As a rule, the native greatly relishes condiments as well as vinegar. Often when passing along the banks of a river, one may see men angling with rod and line; and no sooner is a fish hooked than he is drawn out, seized between finger and thumb, dipped into a jar of diluted pepper, or a kind of soy, with which the fisherman provides himself instead of the customary creel, and then devoured without ceremony.

Dog-flesh is on sale among the usual butcher's meats, and is quite a common article of food, all Koreans thoroughly enjoying the canine sirloins, which are served up in great trenchers; in the first month of the year, however, owing to religious scruples, no dog-meat is eaten, nor are dishes of canine origin permitted. When an ox is slaughtered and cooked there are always plenty ready to partake of a heaping bowl of the steaming beef; for this is not an article of daily food, especially among the peasantry. Its use is regulated by law, the butcher acting as a sort of Government official; and only under extraordinary circumstances, as when a grand festival is to be held, do the authorities allow an ox to be killed in each village. Fruits such as peaches or small melons are eaten without peeling, and twenty or thirty peaches are considered quite an ordinary allowance; apples, pears, oranges, plums, grapes, persimmons, and various kinds of nuts and berries also help to furnish the table. In the way of vegetables, lily-bulbs, pine-seeds, sea-weeds, acorns, radishes, barley, millet, beans, turnips and potatoes, cooked in a variety of ways, are well-known dishes. Rice is the staple of subsistence, and more than takes the place of wheat with us; the women cook it beautifully, making it thoroughly soft by steaming, while yet retaining the perfect shape of each grain by itself. The ordinary portion of a labourer is about a quart of rice, which, when cooked, makes a good bulk; this, however, is no serious hindrance to his devouring double or treble the quantity when he can get it.

A sort of dough made by boiling rice and pounding it into a tough mass is what is chiefly used for pastry, and it may be eaten in every style—cold, warmed up, baked, toasted, boiled or fried. A favourite dish for festive occasions is "red rice" and beans, and the Korean housewife is at great pains to colour the rice properly, for if the colouring turns out poor, or fails altogether, it is a sign of bad luck. At wakes or funeral feasts, and on festal days, the amount of victuals consumed is enormous; while a pleasant way of remembering the departed is by the copious drinking of sacrificial wine. The most common drink, after pure water, is the liquor in which rice has been boiled; and infusions of dried ginseng, orange-peel, ginger, and honey when these fail, serve for festal purposes; but the Korean beverage, by preference, is brewed or distilled from either rice, millet or barley. "Sul" is the generic name for wine in Korea, and it is a drink made from rice, sometimes fermented, sometimes distilled, so that it resembles, according to its kind, either beer or whisky. In taste it faintly suggests sherry, but with a peculiar aroma of its own, and it equally faintly suggests gin; usually it is quite mild, but in cold weather it is partaken of more or less strong, according to the temperature. The merit of a Korean feast consists not so much in the quality as in the quantity of the food served, for to eat much is an honour; and little talking is done during the repast, as each sentence uttered might cause the loss of a mouthful.

A curious piece of cookery, symbolical of a generous feast, and which consists of a baked chicken served with its feathers, head, claws, and entrails intact, is often found

at the festive board of a liberal host; and "to treat to an entire fowl" is equivalent to "killing the fatted calf." But the table is often at first spread with dishes intended merely for show instead of for actual eating, as was discovered on one occasion by a hungry foreigner who at once began to help himself to fish, of which he was very fond. To all appearance the dish before him contained a genuine cooked carp basted with sauce, but try as he would the embarrassed guest was quite unable to slice the fish, or even to move it; and it was not until something more edible had been placed on the table that he recovered his equanimity. Macaroni or vermicelli soup with fowl often forms the first course, and this will be followed by mounds of food of all kinds—meats, fish, vegetables and fruits heaped high up in brazen bowls which serve as dishes. Some will be composed of beef, or pork, or other meat cut into small pieces, some of fried fish in thin yellow slices, and some of dough baked brown and eaten with honey, and so on; but in spite of the inroads made upon them, they are such solidly built structures that the remains continue erect until the last helping can be taken from the bowl. In addition to these there may be boiled legs of pork, heaps of boiled eggs, puddings made of flour, sesame and honey, and a honey-like food covered with roasted rice, coloured red and white, the whole being washed down with native wine and spirit and imported beer. But the *chef-d'œuvre* of the banquet, the dish to which all the other flesh-pots are mere subordinates, is the dessert, which, rising out of a bowl somewhat larger than those of its fellows, towers considerably above them. It is often a very superior work of art in the form of a noble dome-capped cylinder composed of four kinds of fruits, each occupying a solid quadrant of the whole. One segment may consist entirely of oranges, another of pears, a third of dried persimmons, and the fourth of chestnuts; the divisions between each of these will be so sharply drawn as to make it possible to remove successively three of them and still leave the fourth standing as solidly as before. With this it is customary to serve a concoction of pear-juice, coloured crimson and spiced with pine-nuts, red like the sunset or the autumn; and as the guests leisurely sip this nectar of the pristine "Land of the God-Men" the Korean banquet comes to an end in a parting flush of glory.

## "BOOK-LEAVES AND BOOK-LOVERS"

APPROPOS of Meredith, we have lately been reading the "Memoirs of Princess Helene von Racowitza" in a recent translation published by Constable. Her title to fame is double; not only as having been the means that brought Ferdinand Lassalle to his fate, but also as this famous episode was made the basis of Meredith's novel, "The Tragic Comedians." Which fame will prove the more perdurable it is difficult to say, but between the two it is scarcely likely that she will be easily forgotten as time goes on. "Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em," is a saying that partakes of all the faults of the average apophthegm. It forgets that nothing in this world permits itself to be ruled by sharp definitions. In Princess Helene von Racowitza's case, though something of the first and second availed with her, the dispassionate critic will decide nevertheless that she was one of those who had greatness thrust upon them. An earlier Helen than she was no less beautiful and no less famed for charm and ravishing femininity; nevertheless, even she would have passed to her grave unconned and unsung were it not for the fact that a Paris abducted her, and an irate Menelaus led a mighty chase after her, in the noise and excitement of all of which she, the prime cause, was forgotten, while high chivalry and noble deeds of arms held the world astonished. And even so much might have failed to purchase mighty fame save for an old blind songsmith on a dim Ionian island.



Portraits are always unsatisfying; and the portrait given as frontispiece to this volume is no exception to the rule. From its perusal it is obvious to discover that Princess Helene's beauty did not merely rest on personal charm. Somewhat of classic regularity is in her features. But beauty is a matter of colour and expression underlying and playing over regularity of physiognomy; and this is rather gathered from her dazzling history as recorded in the subsequent pages than in the portrait. A short time ago we were speaking to one who met her in Hans Makart's studio in Vienna, and his glowing eye in speaking of her was more eloquent testimony to her beauty than the mere coldness of any photograph could express. To say that her Memoirs were entertaining would be to express something short of truth, and to say that they were instructive would be to range them most unwisely and most improperly with text-books and doctrines. Of vivid and noteworthy interest they certainly are, yet rather of the reflective order. That is to say, the memoirs of a great mind are valuable as being the disclosure of a great personality. Their interest is direct and permanent. But these Memoirs are not this; their interest is rather that their author's beauty has brought her into touch with great personalities, and shown her the internal history of great events and great movements, all of which as they pass in a brilliant phantasmagoria through their pages bring a ceaseless interest with them. As for instance, her meeting with Ted Douglas, the famous forerunner of Booker T. Washington, as the protagonist of negro rights to culture and distinction in the United States; or, more remarkable still, her meeting and conversations with Björnsterne Björnson; or, again, the descriptions of the inner life of the brilliant art circles of Berlin and Vienna towards the end of last century. But, brilliant though her life was, and multifarious in its activity and interest, its central attention is, of course, that of her affair with Lassalle, that led so disastrously to his death. Knowing nothing of the realm of "might-have-been," we cannot say what might have happened to Germany had Lassalle lived. Undoubtedly on that account the interest is all the more acute. Nevertheless, it may safely be ventured that Germany would not be the same now if Fate had not removed him from having a deeper influence in her destinies.

Not only was Ferdinand Lassalle a dynamic personality, but he wielded a dynamic power. For all the German proletariat was with him almost to a man; and he had a sufficiently electric influence, coupled with a striking and picturesque personality, to hold this power. In addition to this, while he was a strong individualist in personal temperament, a strong sympathy linked him very really with his political followers. Bismarck himself, as these pages record, was one of the first to recognise him; and, as is only too evident, was himself not a little fascinated by the man. Remembering this, and remembering, too, that he died before the completion of German unification, one wonders not only what would have come to him in his subsequent career, but what form German unification itself would have come to take had he lived to wield his influence upon it. Certainly the Hohenzollern despotism would have assumed a much more modified form; if, indeed, it had not become purely functionary and constitutional. And not only so, but other matters than State affairs would have assumed a different shape. For though Lassalle stood in the Socialist ranks there was nothing in him that claimed kinship with doctrinaire Socialism. The static evolution of chop-logic principles and the dynamic sympathy and ambition of Ferdinand Lassalle were poles apart. The whole trend of German Socialistic politics (and perhaps a good deal more than merely German Socialistic politics) would have taken a different form under his leadership. He had, by nature and temperament, small sympathy with principles that could but lead inevitably to bureaucratic control and a vast flunkedom of officials. His quarrel with the State was, primarily, that it was unsympathetic and unjust; and, secondly, that it was artificial, obscuring the natural hierarchy of souls.

This was the potential possibility of a man that met Helene von Dörmges, and fell headlong to his ruin! Not only was their love beset with all the difficulty of romance, but romance started between them before ever they met. Their few mutual friends had proclaimed each to the other as his or her only possible mate, in distinction of mind no less than of body. Thus, before they even saw one another, they were prime and ripe for an inevitable passion when they should meet.

We have been astonished, as we read this portion of these Memoirs, to note with what insight Meredith achieved not only the essential elements of the story, but also their right balance and poise. Take the matter of this meeting between the two. As we read the story of this meeting in these Memoirs, we seemed to be hearing a far echo of those famous and flamboyant pages of "The Tragic Comedians" dealing with the same episode. This is the curious thing. The Memoirs seek to transcribe the episode from the incomparable point of view of the surviving partner in the tragedy, whereas Meredith sought to sink mere reality of occurrence and re-create the whole drama in the realm of Art; and the result is Meredith's seems to be the voice and the Memoirs the echo; Meredith's the body, and the Memoirs the umbra. All that is essential in the story, Meredith already has; only, more also. The reason, of course, is that Princess Helene von Racowitza is merely interested in the relation of the facts, so vital and all-important to her; while Meredith is concerned with conjuring up the emotion in us proper to the understanding of the facts. Facts are unrelated data till imagination gets to work on them. In the whole scene of their meeting this is noteworthy; and in much beyond. Alas! though it is to be cruel, it must be admitted that Meredith's Clotilde von Rüdiger is somewhat a more entrancing figure than Helene von Dörmges of these Memoirs seems to be. Read, for example, the latter's description of her days in Italy, and compare it with this one remark of Clotilde's. Alvan (as Lassalle is named in Meredith) has asked her "Tell me frankly—the music in Italy?" Her reply is "Amorous and martial, brainless and monotonous." "Excellent," Alvan replies; and fitly. But such a piercing criticism needed the perception of George Meredith behind his creature, and was not possible to Princess Helene, we fear. At least, such instances of wifely perception are not to be discovered in her Memoirs. So through all the pitiful, yet irritating, tragedy. All that is important, Meredith has; and, wherewithal colour. Yet, irritating the tragedy certainly is. Indeed, it might even be questioned if there are not elements in the story so abnormal as to render it unfitted for the treatment of Art. It is, for instance, almost incredible that anyone should be so weak and helpless as Helene was in her family's hands. And her father's vile brutality, his almost inhuman ruthlessness and callousness, are, happily, somewhat rare. What father, calling himself a man, could permit himself to drag his daughter across a public street by the hair? There does seem some kind of justification for Lassalle's much-blamed magnanimity in refusing to accept Helene when she runs away to him, fatuous though it be. For, in wishing to win her by a straight and manly appeal to her family he was scarcely expected to believe a father so brutal or a daughter so weak. When he discovers his man, he very naturally, in the code of honour of his day, challenges him. Helene's other wooer accepts in his name, and, not intending to do so, wounds him to death. So the strong man was again undone by a woman. And the woman turns and marries his slayer! It sounds incredible; and, in spite of all she says, it remains bewildering. But the whole thing reads like an impossible fiction. For the day she marries Yanko von Racowitza, the winner of the duel, and at the very hour of their wedding, the oak planted at his birth is blasted by lightning. Moreover, within six months he dies, and leaves her a widow. Still, the Memoirs are well worth reading, apart from this central episode, being full of incidental interest. And they lead to a re-reading of "The Tragic Comedians"—another worthy benefit.

## FORTHCOMING BOOKS

NEARLY every Englishman has in him to a greater or lesser degree the "wanderlust," and for he who cannot carry out this longing in the flesh there has been provided an ample amount of excellent literature to transport him in spirit. "Across the Roof of the World," by Mr. B. T. Etherington, F.R.G.S., of the 39th Garwhal Rifles, announced by Messrs. Constable and Co., deals with exploration and sport in Chinese Turkestan, Mongolia, and Siberia. "The Call of Snowy Hesper," by William H. Workman and Fanny B. Workman, is a narrative of mountaineering on the northern frontier of India, and will be published by the same firm, who are also responsible for Messrs. C. H. Mears and J. A. Brooke's work, entitled, "Adventure, Sport, and Travel in the Tibetan Steppes." Sir Harry Johnston, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., has written an account of his recent travels in the United States, the West Indies, and Tropical America. It is published by Messrs. Methuen and Co. under the title, "The Negro in the New World," who are also the publishers of Mr. Walter Tyndale's book, "Japan and the Japanese"; "Golden Days in Many Lands," by Winifred H. Leys, which includes India, Egypt, Norway, Italy, Burma, Ceylon, the South Sea Isles, and many other countries; Mr. C. E. Hughes' "Book of the Black Forest"; and "Siena and Southern Tuscany," by Mr. Edward Hutton. Mr. Murray is bringing out a work of Colonel Sir Francis Young-husband, entitled, "India and Tibet."

Historical works include several publications by Messrs. Methuen and Co.—"The Great Infanta: Isabel, Sovereign of Flanders," by Miss L. Klingenstein; a new issue of Gibbon's "Roman Empire," edited by Mr. J. W. Bury, M.A., Litt.D., Regius Professor of Modern History at Cambridge; "England under the Hanoverians," by Mr. C. Grant Robertson, M.A., Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford; "The Buccaneers in the West Indies in the Seventeenth Century," by C. H. Haring. Messrs. Constable and Co. are publishing Miss Marie Hay's book, "The Winter Queen," which is the sad story of Elizabeth of Bohemia. They are also bringing out "The Household of the Lafayettes," by Miss Edith Siegel, and "The New Europe, 1789-1889," by Mr. Reginald W. Jeffery, M.A., Brasenose College, Oxford. The Peninsular War is dealt with by Mr. G. L. Chambers, late colonel commanding the Madras Artillery Volunteers. The work, in several volumes, is to be published by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein and Co. Mr. Edward Gilliat, M.A., through Messrs. Seeley and Co., is producing a book entitled, "Heroes of the Elizabethan Age." "Britain B.C." is the title of a work by Mr. Henry Sharpe, published by Messrs. Williams and Norgate, and lastly there is Mr. Roland G. Usher, Ph.D., whose book, "The Reconstruction of the English Church," is to be published by Messrs. Appleton and Co.

The works of fiction are numerous and interesting. Mr. Hansley Russell, who writes of South African adventure, has a new novel entitled, "Grit," which will appear during the month. It is to be brought out by Mr. Murray. The Walter Scott Publishing Company announce "Two Waifs in Cloudland," by Mr. Walter Hawes, and "The Price of Freedom," by Deane Ballynn. An anthology, including the names of Shakespeare, Browning, Swinburne, Wilde, etc., selected by Helen and Lewis Melville, entitled, "The Seasons," is included in Messrs. Williams and Norgate's list. Messrs. Methuen and Co. announce "The Lantern Bearers," by Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick; "Mr. Ingleside," by Mr. E. V. Lucas, the well-known author of "Over Bemerton's," and many others; "The Golden Silence," by C. N. and A. M. Williamson; "Finer Grain," by Mr. Henry James, author of "The Golden Bowl." Their very full list also includes Mr. Richard Bagot's new Italian novel, "The House of Serravalle," and "The Rest Cure," by Mr. W. B. Maxwell. The author of "The Illustrious Prince," etc., etc., Mr. E. P. Oppenheim, contributes "The Missing Debora," another mystery story. Besides these, Messrs. Methuen and Co. announce "Babes in the Wood," by Mrs. B. M. Croker;

"The Glad Heart," by Madame Albanesi; "The Portrait," by Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer; the story of a girl musician, entitled, "Splendid Zipporah," by Miss Maud Stepney Rawson; and "The Long Roll" of Miss Mary Johnston, author of those splendid novels, "By Order of the Company," "The Old Dominion," etc. The fertile Mr. Belloc, M.P., is also in their list as the author of "Pongo and the Bull."

Among various other interesting literary works may be mentioned "The Jews: A Study of Race and Environment," by Dr. Maurice Fishberg, under the auspices of the Walter Scott Publishing Company, who are also bringing out "Life and Death," by Professor A. Dastre, of the Sorbonne, which is translated by Mr. W. J. Greenstreet, M.A., F.R.S.A.; and "The Key to the Brontë Works," in which the author, Mr. John Malham-Dembleby contends that it was Charlotte Brontë, and not Emily, who really wrote "Wuthering Heights."

There has just been added to Messrs. Hurst and Blackett's early autumn list of fiction Mr. Cosmo Hamilton's new novel, entitled "The Infinite Capacity." As the title suggests, the plot of this story deals with genius. As a matter of fact, the story is an attempt to show the effect of genius upon temperament and character. Mr. Hamilton has chosen as the subject of his psychology a young French violinist called Ale. The story is a strong one, and is merciless in its dissection. The book is divided into four parts, three of which are laid in Paris, the other in the home of a Liberal Cabinet Minister.

We hear that Mr. H. G. Wells's new novel, "A Modern Machiavelli," to which we referred some weeks ago, has lately been giving yet another firm of publishers much to think about. It is a story which deals in the Wells manner with certain phases of the marriage problem which are dealt with in the Divorce Court. It was intended to make its appearance this autumn. Whether it will do so is a matter of conjecture. Books, like plays, are now somewhat handicapped by a censorship. The Young Person has recently been taken into consideration by the libraries.

## OUR WEEKLY LETTER FROM THE STOCK EXCHANGE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Most men have an interest, direct or otherwise, in money matters, hence the use of the Stock Exchange, and, in a minor degree, my troubling you with this letter.

Money during the past week has been fairly what is termed plentiful, loanable cash in Lombard Street being obtainable for the week at  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to  $1\frac{1}{4}$  per cent. The usual fortnightly settlement has occupied the attention of members, and the general carry-over was the smallest for years, showing clearly that the autumn boom, looked for, and sadly wanted, has not yet arrived. That we shall see a very distinct revival in Stock Exchange business I feel confident, and signs are not wanting that it is nearing us. A feature has been the strength of Mexican Railway stocks, due to many reasons, traffics being exceptionally good. The immediate future of Mexico is more than hopeful. An important point to remember is that this month the centenary of the Republic of Mexico is being celebrated with great éclat. It is quite expected by those in a position to know that Mexican Ordinary stock may receive a small dividend. This being so, we shall see the Second Preference, which now stands at  $94\frac{1}{2}$ , reach par. They pay  $6\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. at to-day's price; therefore they look cheap as matters stand. Home Rails, which for some years past have been neglected, show marked signs of improvement, an optimistic view being taken of the labour trouble. With this all-important question removed we should see a rise in this section, especially in Great Northern Deferreds and Great Westerns, two of our best-managed lines, and where very important economies are taking place. Canada is going ahead. Her land is being much wanted, therefore Hudson Bay shares might be bought. They pay  $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. at this price, and have great possibilities of a twenty per cent. improvement in capital value. The Rubber boom is resting. The pace has been a little too rapid for most of us, and it is just as well that it should mark time for a while. This will give investors an opportunity to obtain cheap shares; but they should stick only to those which are



already producing, and earning dividends, as there are many wild cats about which are never likely to get a ton of rubber from the estates, much less pay a dividend. Although American Rails have had some wild fluctuations during the past month, the outlook is by no means so bad as markets indicate. Some of the American railroads at current prices appear tempting, considering the dividends they pay and the outlook for future profits. The trade in South and South-West should be flourishing, as the cotton, maize, and wheat crops are considered good. The following short list will give an idea of the yield of a few of the leading lines:—

	Div.	Price 1910.		Yield.
		Highest	Lowest	
Aitchison Common .....	8	127	94	£ s. d. 6 1 6
Illinois Central .....	7	150	129	5 10 8
Louisville & Nashville ...	7	164	141	4 19 6
New York Central .....	6	180	113	5 4 10
Ontario .....	2	51	42	4 16 2
Northern Pacific .....	7	150	116	5 17 0
Southern Pacific .....	6	142	112	5 4 6
Southern Common .....	Nil	35	20	—
Union Pacific .....	10	211	161	6 3 3

The above are all the common stock, and are calculated on the price some days ago. I do not think readers of THE ACADEMY need a warning against the methods of bucket-shop robbers, whose methods are to get hold of your money at any price, like our old friend the highwayman, who, by the way, was a gentleman in comparison to some of these rascals. The waste-paper basket is the one and only place for their circulars.

We are looking for the after-holiday rise in the Mining Market, and I think it is near at hand. The position in Rhodesia is daily improving, the labour question being in a measure solved. When the Duke of Connaught goes there it should lead to a renewed interest in all things Rhodesian, and we shall have an active market in such shares as Chartered, Giants, Globe, Phoenix, and many others.

The Oil Market shows signs of renewed activity now that important oil strikes at Maikop are announced. The announcement of the yields from two plots of the Maikop Spies Company confirms the highly petroliferous character of the oilfield. Amongst West Africans the principal interest was centred in Tin shares. Speculators have become impressed with the persistent rise in the price of the metal. Special attention was directed to the shares of the Nigerian group, as there are greater possibilities in these than can be found elsewhere, Naragutas and Luck Chance being chiefly supported. Pigg's Peak continue to rise. This mine shows 21 dwt. over 57 feet on the fifth level. A recent calculation of the profit in the ore reserves already in sight worked out at £225,000, which is about the capital of the company.

The profits of the Bank of Africa do not come up to what they were a few years back, but it is pleasing to note that they are mending, and that the decline has at last been checked. The dividend is still 5 per cent., the same as it has been since 1908; before then it has been as high as 13 per cent.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

FINANCIAL OBSERVER.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### THE "DAILY MAIL" AND GERMANY.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—My reasons for writing to you especially on this matter are several. In the first place you are not an ordinary London daily, and therefore (indeed, I believe you make this a particular duty of yours) are able, and be it added, I hope, willing, to take a more coherent notice of how current history is making itself. Secondly, you have stated recently in most delightful manner (the paper went all the way out to Australia and came again here to me) that you are no friend of the *Daily Mail*, and I believe those who are not among the *Daily Mail's* friends should now and again consult with each other. I am an Australian journalist, and was sent home from Adelaide at the end of 1908 as correspondent. For private reasons, with which you need not be bothered, I separated from that connection in September last year, and elected to swim by myself. I did that till January last, when I came here to Germany with a bicycle and my last few sovereigns, and the consolation that whatever I did could not be worse than staying in London in the existing circumstances. I have made a living here along the Rhine teaching English and acquiring German. I have ridden my bicycle all along the Rhine, through South Germany, all through Holland, and North Ger-

many as far as Bremen, and I claim to know something about the life of the people. I have written some articles, of course, and presented them (this only by the way) to the *Daily Mail*, thinking that same would like a chance to eat some of its leek.

That, of course, was utterly in vain. I mention the fact simply because it helped to convince me of the *Daily Mail's* ways. I enclose (this is my immediate purpose in writing) a beautiful article, which has only just reached me, but which you must have seen some days ago, and which I take from the *Daily Mail Overseas Edition* of September 3. I don't know what you think of it; but if you think as I do, I hope you will see your way to lead a campaign against it. If I were rich I would give my all to knock this *Daily Mailism* on the head. I can assert freely that it is ruining the English reputation among great numbers of Germans. If it is true, why this everlasting howling and whining, and doing nothing? Why does not the *Daily Mail*, if the *Daily Mail* believes all this, say out plainly that we must declare war on Germany and blow the naval works to smithereens before all is too late? If it is not true—and I will stake my all that the rendering of the position, at any rate, is not—then the *Daily Mail* ought to be burned publicly as a public protest against an international crime. I came here last January, loving Germany and the Germans little enough, heaven knows; but I determined never to accept the journalistic work on the staffs of such as the *Daily Mail* until I knew for myself what these people were like and how they thought. Whether "Our Special Correspondent, Mr. Maxwell," has a natural gift for reading all future history from a very exterior glance I can't say. If he has ever really seen Germany he will know that to see "Verboten" written in well-nigh every possible niche is nothing unusual, and need not necessarily betoken underground forts, or any particular black-mindedness against the island that supports the *Daily Mail*, though I can quite understand that in twenty years' time or so it might be a God-sent duty of Germany or some other Power to invade England and root out the Harmsworth weed.

In regard to the imprisonment of "two English tourists" on Borkum Island, no details are given. But there are lots of tourists who speak English, and lots who deserve to be locked up. In any case, granting that these are genuine Englishmen, they were evidently in a place where they ought not to have been, and if there was any national animus in the minds of the German sentries who found them walking about forbidden defence works, that animus was probably due to the irritation which such organs as the *Daily Mail* is calculated to raise in any self-respecting human being, most of all in Germany.—Yours faithfully,

Godesberg am Rhein.

FREDERIC McCULLOCK.

p. ad. Dr. H. Kühne,

Haus Frotzendorf, September 6.

[We print this letter, although we are not responsible for any declaration of war against the *Daily Mail*. When articles in that journal have appeared to be sane we have, on occasions, been suspected of admiring them.—EDITOR.]

### SOCIALISM AND WORKING-MEN.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—There can be no doubt that for the unreading, unthinking, and unreasoning element of the working-classes, street-corner and gutter Socialism will always possess a certain attractiveness. Utterly incapable of discriminating between the good and the bad, the true and the false, the possible and the impossible, this particular section of the community will always fall ready victims to the artful wiles and plausible platitudes of any itinerant, self-seeking demagogue who happens to appeal to their ignorance or pander to their petty prejudices. But, fortunately for those who still believe in our present system of sane and progressive individualism, a considerable and continually increasing body of the labouring classes is neither steeped in undiscerning ignorance nor plunged in the depths of abject and hopeless poverty.

It may be confidently affirmed that the great majority of working-men now understand Socialism as far as it can be understood; it is, therefore, all the more strikingly significant that not a solitary constituency in the country will return a Socialist as such to the House of Commons. The main reason, perhaps, for this is to be found in the fact that the principles of successful investment and private ownership have largely permeated the labouring masses during the last quarter of a century or so.

The inauguration of the Post Office Savings Bank, the establishment of co-operative and building societies, the issue of endowment, investment, and house-purchase policies by insurance companies, the multiplication of joint stock and limited liability

concerns, together with a hundred and one other agencies, all tending towards his social betterment, have given the working-man a social status and a valuable stake in the country which he will not lightly relinquish at the behests of a few noisy, irresponsible agitators, whose sole interest is palpably to get as much out of him as they can.

In one of the largest industrial centres in the North of England, over 20,000 working-men are shareholders in the local co-operative societies; over 4,000 are property-owners, owning their own houses, and in many cases one or two besides. As a natural consequence, although every ward in the borough has at one time or another been contested by nominees of the Socialist party, not a single one of them has as yet been returned to the local council. Five Socialist candidates have been selected at different times for Parliamentary contests, not one of whom has had the courage to go to the poll.

That the wealth of the working-classes is increasing enormously admits of no doubt. It constitutes a formidable obstacle to those who are continually preaching from the doleful text of "the wretched condition of the workers." The invested wealth of the working-man at the present time is estimated at over £800,000,000, yielding an annual return of £40,000,000. Small wonder, then, that the steady, industrious, and thrifty toiler firmly refuses to render allegiance to the fiery, untamed god of Socialism.

One of the most satisfactory features of modern political life is the steady growth of the principles of Individualism, Capitalism, and Conservatism among the toiling millions. This very desirable state of things has been brought about by the increased educational facilities which the working-man enjoys. He is now able to appraise the correct value of any set of political or social theories put before him, and is quite alive to the fact that under a system of Socialism he will be the first to suffer and the one to be hardest hit. He has learnt the vital, outstanding truth which all history teaches—that carefully thought out measures of reform are much more to his benefit than wild, ill-considered schemes which, if adopted, would inevitably end in anarchy, tyranny, robbery, and atheism.

The moral of all this is: Let every encouragement be given to the intelligent son of toil to become a capitalist. The Government should give him a higher rate of interest upon his deposits in the Post Office Savings Bank—say 2½ per cent. upon £10, 3 per cent. upon £20, etc. Facilities should be given him to invest sums of £1 and upwards in Corporation Stock. Municipalities should be empowered to advance him money with which to buy his own home. Employers of labour should offer him every inducement to become a shareholder in the firm employing him, thus giving him a double interest in the success of the concern. I believe that one of the best means of combating Socialism is the adoption of labour co-partnership.

Signs are not wanting that the average working-man is tiring of the old shibboleths of trade-unionism. He is no longer enamoured of the policy of "having a smack at the masters"; he no longer believes in the preposterous idea of a universal strike. He believes rather that the interests of himself and his employer are not antagonistic, but identical, that capital has a right to a fair return as well as labour, and that a union between the two is not only possible, but desirable, in the interests of both.

He is more than ever inclined to rely upon himself in preference to the State, the municipality, or even the trade unions. In this laudable idea for self-betterment, he should be encouraged by all means, for therein lies the surest and most effective method of stemming the tide of Socialism.—Yours faithfully,

Oldham.

A WORKING-MAN.

#### "WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—The writer of this article, when referring to the way in which some names are "reset" by their owners, has perhaps overlooked what is frequently the cause of such variations—the desire to suggest, or support, an imaginary descent from another family. Such changes as Delafield to De la Feld, Styward to Stewart, Morres to Montmorency, and Wilkins to De Winton, for instance, are the outward and visible signs of such pedigree concoctions. Occasionally, indeed, the name is changed altogether. In a paper on "Names and Legends," which I contributed to your issue of February 26 last, I referred to the various names which now cloak different branches of the great banking house of Smith (descended from a Nottingham draper), and alluded to the fact that one of these names—Carrington—marked a fabulous pedigree. But the connection of names with pedigree concoctions is too wide a subject to be dealt with in a letter.

G. H. W.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

### MISCELLANEOUS

- Town Study: Suggestions for a Course of Lessons Preliminary to the Study of Civics.* By M. M. Penstone. Illustrated. National Society's Depository. 4s. net.
- Breeding Horses for Use, or Equine Eugenics.* By Francis Ram. Swan Sonnenschein and Co. 6d.
- The English Invasion of Germany.* By a French Staff Officer. David Nutt. 1s. net.
- Character.* By Alfred Williams Momerie, M.A. Edited by Mrs. Momerie. W. Blackwood and Sons.
- The Empire Aspect of Preferences.* By Senator Pulsford, of Australia. Cassell and Co. 1d.
- Sauce for the Gander, and Other Plays.* By Violet M. Methley. Skeffington and Son. 2s. net.
- Sisters in Arms, and Other Short Plays in the Form of Trilogues, Duologues, and Monologues.* By M. O. Sale. Skeffington and Son. 2s. net.
- Epaphos and the Egyptian Apis.* By Ivan M. Linforth. University Press, Berkeley, California, U.S.A. 10 cents.

### THEOLOGY

- Christianity and Social Questions.* By W. Cunningham, D.D., F.B.A. Duckworth and Co. 2s. 6d. net.

### HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

- Old Continental Towns.* By Walter M. Galliehan. Illustrated. T. Werner Laurie. 6s. net.
- George Meredith: Drei Versuche.* By Dr. Ernst Diek. Wiegandt and Grieben, Berlin. 4 marks, 60.
- Our Roll of Honour: Fifteen Biographical Sketches for Young People.* By J. Vereker. With Portraits. Skeffington and Son. 8s. 6d.
- Dinanderie, a History and Description of Medieval Art Work in Copper, Brass and Bronze.* By J. Tavenor-Perry. Illustrated. George Allen and Sons.

### FICTION

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- Through Welsh Doorways.* By Jeannette Marks. Illustrated by Anna Whelan Betts. T. Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.
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- Sir Hender O'Halloran, V.C.* By Harold Vallings. J. W. Arrowsmith, Bristol.
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- The Missing Debora.* By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Illustrated. Methuen and Co. 6s.
- The Wild Olive.* By the Author of "The Inner Shrine." Methuen and Co. 6s.

### VERSE

- Esmeor Lyrics, and Other Verses.* By Rose E. Sharland. J. W. Arrowsmith, Bristol. 1s. net.
- A Rhymester's Recollections, with Other Pieces.* By A. C. B. (Leicester.) The Leicester Co-operative Printing Society. 6d.
- Lotus Leaves.* By Alice L. Head. Elkin Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.
- Songs of Awakening.* By Winifred Rose Carey. Elkin Mathews. 1s. net.

### PERIODICALS

- N.R.A. Journal; The Country Home; St. George's Magazine; The Bookseller; The Publishers' Circular; Revue Bleue; Smith's Magazine.*



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